

# *The* **RUM JAR**



**YEAR BOOK OF THE CANADIAN LEGION B.E.S.L.  
SASK. COMMAND**

**25c**

# CANADIAN LEGION BRITISH EMPIRE SERVICE LEAGUE

## Saskatchewan Command

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*Imm. Past Prov. President* ..... Ab Bole, M.M., c/o Wheat Pool Bldg., Regina  
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Chaplain	H. James
Chelan	W. H. Warnes
Christopher Lake	H. Curtis
Climax	W. J. Glenn
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Codette	P. F. Morris
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Colonsay	J. C. Thom

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Coronach	George A. Hillier
Coronation	C. A. Emerson
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Crooked River	J. G. Kozakavich
Cumberland House	P. Carriere
Cupar	J. L. Playfair
Cutknife	Walter Perkin

Dafoe	E. J. Coomber
Davidson	C. W. Ennis
Dilke	Irwin Dunajski
Dinsmore	D. D. Jolly
Doddsland	E. R. Hooper
Dubuc	T. A. Ageson
Duck Lake	J. Fisher
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Golden Ridge	F. P. Hankey
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Herschel	James P. Cheyne
Hodgeville	G. A. Underbakke
Hudson Bay	Jack Young
Humboldt	A. R. Hayes

(Continued on Inside Back Cover)





# The Canadian Legion OF THE British Empire Service League

SASKATCHEWAN  
PROVINCIAL COMMAND



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GEORGE STEPHEN

Circulation Manager:  
L. A. MacDONALD  
Secretary, Provincial  
Command

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## Hail and Farewell

HAVING THOUGHT OF Len J. Chase for almost two decades as "Mr. Legion" and as "the authentic voice of the veteran" in Saskatchewan, one finds it a difficult and melancholy task to get used to the idea that he is no longer behind his accustomed desk at Provincial Command. Though adjustment to it is hard, the stark reality is that the old pilot has dropped



L. J. CHASE, M.S.M.  
Retiring Provincial Secretary

voluntarily from the ship he steered so faithfully and capably through the troubled waters of depression, war and reconstruction, to go into well-earned retirement. New hands are at the helm; but the Old Maestro's indomitable spirit and the course he charted remain to fortify, inform and guide the new Provincial Secretary, Linton A. MacDonald, formerly of Saltcoats.

From "Len" to "Lin" does not seem much of a change, merely that of a vowel — which may be a happy omen for continuity of the sus-

tained efficiency which has characterized central office under previous managements. Lin takes over the post with already a fine record of Legion service behind him as Zone and District Commander, and also with an impressive background of secretarial and administrative experience in municipal and school unit work. Command has been fortunate in attracting to the secretariat men of probity and worth, fired with desire to serve their fellow veterans and devoted to the duties of their office. It seems to have been equally fortunate in its present choice.

This, then, is a time of Hail and Farewell — not, happily, a last farewell. The accent, of course, will be on the "farewell" for those older veterans (like the writer) for whom the retirement of Len Chase marks the end of an era, their era. It brings home to the Old

Lot that Time runs inexorably on — and eventually out; though there is still a contribution for willing older hands to make. In this transitionary stage, Len and his contemporaries can reflect with pride and satisfaction on what they have accomplished both in matters of organization and in service to the veteran and his dependants. They are in process of turning over a live and going concern, enjoying a province-wide and

nation-wide prestige; an organization which has molded public opinion and influenced major government policies. They can point to the Veterans' Charter, to W.V.A. and D.V.A. and the numerous welfare measures their advocacy has sparked. The list of positive achievements is a lengthy one, too lengthy to enumerate here; but the sum is that few outstanding problems of the ex-service man or woman remain unsolved. To the attainment of these benefits, Len Chase, in his various offices from Branch to Command level, has made a major contribution.

Len and Provincial Office have been identified, the one with the other, since, in 1937, Council persuaded him to step down from the President's chair to undertake the work to which, for the ensuing years, he was to devote his time and energies. These energies, physical and mental, he has expended with the lavish prodigality and selflessness of a dedicated person, often to the point of exhaustion. A martyr to duty, rigorous in pursuit of justice for the veteran in need, Len was, through strenuous and trying years, the answer to the Legion's prayer. Saskatchewan Command mustered 219 Branches, some all but moribund, when Len became Provincial Secretary, and reached a peak of 320 during

(Continued on page 7)



LINTON A. MacDONALD  
New Provincial Secretary



# The Year of Jubilee



**History Makers on Parade:** Fifty years of Saskatchewan's history as a Province are represented in this picture of the Labour Day scene in front of the Legislative Building in Regina, when five of the seven Premiers who have served this province since 1905, together with members of the families of two deceased former Premiers, the Prime Minister of Canada, Right Hon. Louis St. Laurent, and Mr. Justice E. M. Culliton, Chairman of Saskatchewan's Golden Jubilee Committee, participated in a great Jubilee Celebration.

Left to right are: Miss Dorothy Scott of Winnipeg, only surviving member of the family of Hon. Walter Scott, the province's first premier, who served from 1905 to 1916; Chief Justice W. M. Martin, premier from 1916-1922; Rt. Hon. J. G. Gardiner, premier from 1926 to 1929 and 1934-1935; His Honour W. J. Patterson, present Lieutenant-Governor, who was premier from 1935 to 1944; Judge Culliton; Prime Minister St. Laurent; Premier T. C. Douglas, premier since 1944; Hon. Charles A. Dunning, premier from 1922 to 1926; and Byron Anderson of Toronto, only surviving son of the late Dr. J. T. M. Anderson, premier from 1929 to 1934.

## His Honour Writes



THE HON.  
W. J. PATTERSON, LL.D.  
Lieut.-Gov. of Saskatchewan

**A**PPROACHING THE END of Saskatchewan's Golden Jubilee Year it is a pleasure to be able to report that the people of the Province, in every community, joined heartily and enthusiastically in observing the occasion. Members of the Legion and ex-service men generally joined with their fellow citizens in arranging for, and carrying through, the various programmes that were organized.

All in all, the Jubilee Celebrations did much to increase interest both in Saskatchewan's past record and in its future progress. The men and women from this Province who have served in the armed forces of Canada have contributed not a little to that record, and can be equally counted on to make their contribution to its future. The idea of service acquired while wearing Her Majesty's uniform in war can be quite as useful as while wearing civvies in times of peace.

In some respects, conditions are better than a year ago. Some at least of the tensions of the cold war have been relaxed and possibilities of agreements by negotiation are somewhat brighter.

Ex-service men and women, however, should and will be the last to adopt the principle of "peace at any price". Until international relations are firmly and soundly established on a much more certain and amicable basis than is presently the case, we cannot and must not relax our vigilance.



# The Premier's Message



Premier T. C. Douglas  
addressing Labour Day audience  
at Jubilee Celebration.

**S**ASKATCHEWAN'S GOLDEN JUBILEE Year, now drawing to its close, has given us the opportunity of joining together in honoring those who prepared the ground we tread. The many celebrations on community level have enabled us to become more conscious of our history, more aware of the potentialities of our province, more alive to the responsibilities we have to those who will come after us. Best of all, they have enabled us to become better acquainted with each other, and the harmonies thus revealed and realized are knitting us as a people more closely together. This augurs well for the future for it is as a united people, united in our faith in ourselves and in our province that we may best essay the great tasks that lie ahead.

It was most gratifying that all segments of our population should have participated in the various birthday parties held throughout the province. Gratifying, too, that peoples of so many ethnic groups should have displayed on these occasions the customs and cultures of their homelands. It was not so much the differences and diversities, not so much the strange and alien in these displays that most impressed us of the older branches of the Canadian family; it was, I think, the obvious attachment to inherited traditions and folklore, the love of home inherent in them which, striking a responsive chord, seemed so closely akin to our own reverence for the best in our heritage. It is for that reason I say that the finest fruit of our 50th Anniversary as a province will be a more intimate integration of the components of our population.

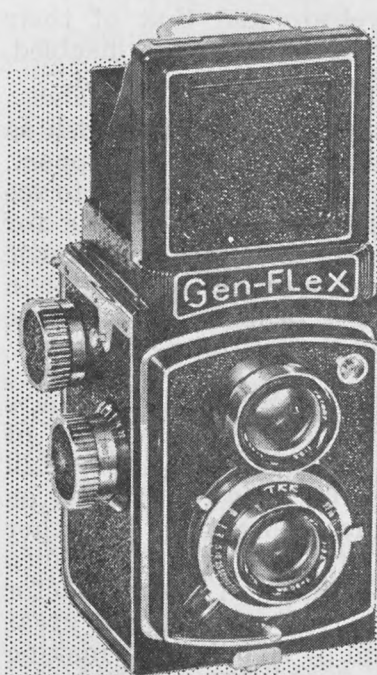
It was eminently fitting, too, that so many Branches of the Legion should have taken active part in the local celebrations. With "Service" as their motto, the Saskatchewan Command and its

Branches have recognized that while their primary concern is the welfare of the veteran and his dependants, their duties also include full participation in matters of community welfare. I was pleased to hear your new Provincial President, himself a younger veteran, emphasize that aspect of your commitment.

It was a great honour to speak at your convention dinner about the province and its potentialities. Providence has bestowed great gifts on us — gifts which if wisely used can assure an economy enriched and diversified beyond the dreams of our pioneer forerunners. As present trustees of this great patrimony, our responsibilities as a government are great. So, too, are yours as citizens. We are custodians jointly responsible in our generation to the generations which will follow. Let us pray, therefore, that we may so measure up to our respective tasks that in anniversaries to come they will say of us as we have said of our founding fathers, "Well done!"

*T. C. Douglas*

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## From the Dominion President



VERY REVEREND  
J. O. ANDERSON, M.C., D.D.  
*Pres., Canadian Legion, B.E.S.L.*

SINCE ITS INCEPTION, the Saskatchewan Provincial Command has always been among the leaders in all phases of Canadian Legion work. I am pleased to take this opportunity to salute those tireless and selfless Legion giants who dedicated their lives to making this Command what it is today. At your recent convention, many of the Command's old guard stepped down. To the new officers and to each member, I extend sincere wishes for every success. May the example set by your outstanding predecessors sustain and inspire you as you guide the Saskatchewan Command into the future.

## Provincial Prexy Says —

IN THESE DAYS when so much is being done for the veteran it is easy to overlook the fact that much remains yet to be done. We, in this organization, should periodically review the principles and aims of the Legion. These are included in the ceremony of our initiation and one should be ever before us, namely, that "the Legion shall stand for strong and united comradeship among all those who have served in Her Majesty's Forces throughout the Commonwealth so that neither their rights nor their interests shall be forgotten; and that their welfare and that of their dependents, especially the dependents of the disabled, sick, aged and needy, may always be safeguarded."

We have within our organization agencies such as the poppy fund which are deserving of our full support. Every Branch needs to be constantly on the alert to see that the many agencies which presently operate for the welfare of veterans are not becoming bureaucratic or routine. To us, every veteran should be an end in himself. There will always be a need for constructive and watchful activity in the field of veterans' welfare.

However, with the Department of Veterans Affairs and other agencies organized for the sole purpose of seeing to the welfare of the veterans, the load of detail and the bulk of the work does not now fall directly on the Legion. We therefore have more time for other activities. If we are to build our membership and keep it actively employed we must become an integral factor in the community. Many Branches are doing a great deal for their communities and by so doing are making the Legion a living force in the nation. The constructive potential of an organization such as the Legion cannot be measured. The only foes that we need fear are



MERVYN WOODS, M.B.E.  
*President, Saskatchewan Command*

lethargy and indifference. Given determination, our accomplishments will know few limits.

Good luck to all Branches in 1956. Your new Council will do its best to serve you and in so doing it will count upon your full support.



Skorzeny's Own Story

# "Commando Extraordinary"

Review-Comment by "Geste"

OTTO SKORZENY, since first he swept into my ken with the daring rescue of Mussolini, always has been full of surprises for me. Exploitation of surprise in the doing of the unexpected and the incredible was the substance of his technique and the secret of his wartime successes. Exploitation of surprise in the doing of the unexpected has made his story one of the most impelling to come out of the war; one that should do much to shape the warfare of the future. The surprise — in the second instance — is that the elusive Skorzeny, who emerged from his seclusion only to make fleeting apparitions abroad, actually allowed himself to be pinned down and pumped by a British newspaperman, with whom he discussed his operations in exciting and minute detail.

Perhaps it would be well to keep this review on a personal level as Skorzeny, from that first daring coup, has constantly intrigued and fascinated me. I felt a personal interest in him for some strange reason. So much so that from the time when arrested and imprisoned after the war he calmly informed his jailers that he would escape — and did within a week! — I have scanned such foreign newspapers as came my way in search of word of him and his whereabouts. I could not imagine Skorzeny remaining in hermetic seclusion for long.

Four years ago, in one brief interlude, he was seen on the boulevards of Paris. Immediately, the hue-and-cry was raised. Two former British agents set out in pursuit of Otto — not with intent to capture, but in hopes of getting his story at first-hand. Elusive as ever, always a jump ahead, he eluded them. Next we heard of him in Egypt on a lightning visit. One of the agents told the story of the chase in a B.B.C. broadcast, and, later, graciously permitted me to publish his account in the columns of THE RUM JAR.

A year or so later, he appeared again wraith-like from his Spanish refuge, stirred the Intelligence of several countries into a momentary fever, then flitted, mysteriously as he came, from the scene. That the Chancellories should be interested in his movements was natural in the circumstances; for wherever and whenever Skorzeny bobbed up, trouble of some sort followed — whether by coincidence or cause-and-effect, none has said. But one may guess.

And now Skorzeny, who heretofore has skipped and jumped in and out of the floodlight of publicity, at ease (probably with a drink at his elbow) and freely, has told his story with all its implications and premonitions to Charles Foley, Foreign Editor of a great British newspaper, who in turn has produced a book which at once whets and satisfies my curiosity. Since the war, Mr. Foley has made an intensive study of the techniques of the special forces and strategic commandos on both sides — ours and the German. In "Commando Extraordinary" — the title of the book published by Longman's — he combines with the inside story of Skorzeny's exploits an impassioned plea for the

establishment of a British strategic commando force imbued with the philosophy which a Briton, Col. David Stirling, originated, and which Skorzeny studied and adopted — a philosophy of initiative and daring which sees no objective too fantastic or ambitious to be attempted.

Col. Stirling was commander of British S.A.S. formations during the war; and the most thrilling part of the whole exciting drama is Skorzeny's admission that he learned his stuff by studying British commando tactics and operations — and, by applying the lessons, all but beat his tutors at their own game.

What were his exploits which justify the word "extraordinary"? Skorzeny it was who conceived, organized and carried out the amazing coup in which he snatched Mussolini from an "impenetrable" mountain prison, startling friends, foes and neutrals alike in a war-torn world inured to shocks and daring military coups. That was the most famous of his exploits, but by no means the most significant, militarily or politically. The abduction of the regent, Admiral Horthy, in Budapest; the confusion spread by the "disguised brigade" behind the American lines in the Ardennes; the destruction of the Nymegen bridge, and the rescue of the "doomed" German divisions in the Balkans — these and other operations were fully described by Skorzeny in his talks with Mr. Foley and are produced and analyzed by the latter in "Commando Extraordinary." So, too, are the even more ambitious projects hatched in Skorzeny's fertile brain only to be blocked ("perhaps fortunately for the Allies," says the 'blurb') by an obtuse and hostile High Command. The orthodox abhor the unorthodox; and the Higher Brass lean notoriously to the side of orthodoxy.

Col. Otto Skorzeny — "Scarface" to his detractors — having divested himself of all mystery and revealed himself all man, has in these talks with Foley completely vindicated and rehabilitated himself in my eyes. I hasten to make amends for past misjudgments of him. His big mistake was that he served Hitler with a genius, courage and devotion worthy of a better cause and master. I doubt that he ever concerned himself with politics; but he took to war like duck to water, particularly that type of warfare which observes few rules and knows only its own Manual of Training.

My big mistake in estimating him was that, even while confessing a sneaking admiration for this ingenious enemy, I accepted as gospel the calumnies of the American press when, smarting from the reverse in the Ardennes, their correspondents described him as "thug" and "Hitler's trigger-man." Even the Allied Chief Prosecutor at Nuremberg, described him as "the most dangerous man in Europe." I accepted these descriptions; hence this *amende honorable*. For I am convinced there was nothing "evil" in this master of artifice and stratagem save that he threw a thorough scare into our great Allies — a scare that spread from the Ardennes Bulge right back to Paris, and kept a roundly



protesting General "Ike" virtually immured for a week behind barbed wire in his Versailles H.Q. It's good to know that his ultimate acquittal came as a result of protests by his British opposite numbers who said, "if you imprison him, you should arrest us, too" — or words to that effect.

Skorzeny exploited the element of surprise in all his missions. From study of the mass-produced regulars of the barrack-square, taught always to wait for orders, he theorized on the psychological effects of the unfamiliar and unprecedented. He found that such troops, however little they thought for themselves, quickly responded if they were given fire to return. On the other hand, when confronted with the unusual, with something outside their normal training, in default of orders they did not recover their senses for quite a time. "Like an anaesthetist," writes Foley, "Skorzeny tried to estimate when his patient would come 'round. . . . A soldier, an army, a nation even, may be stunned for long enough to gain one's ends."

Thus, time and again his success turned upon the accuracy of his calculation of the time-lag that occurs between the shock of the unexpected and the appropriate response. For the Mussolini operation, he counted on three minutes of chaos after his gliders landed at Campo Imperatore — long enough for him to reach the prisoner's side — and was not disappointed. Later, he reckoned it as nearer four minutes than three — and in four minutes much may be done by resolute men with a task in hand.

"This absorbing story," (again quoting from the 'blurb') "has not been written merely to show (as it does) that modern war can still wear a rose upon the cloak that shrouds its dagger. Mr. Foley has a more urgent, grim and vital purpose in portraying the new warfare that lies beyond the barrack-square and the beflagged lines of battle — beyond even the rules of war." Maj.-Gen. Sir Robert Laycock, Wartime Chief of Combined Operations, suggests the real motive for the book in a Foreword to it, in which he says:

"This is an ominous book. In his fast-moving account of Otto Skorzeny's missions the author establishes that the airborne privateer who rescued Mussolini laid the basis of his success on a study of British Commando operations. Disconcerting as it may be to learn how our own ideas were turned against us in the last great war, an even sharper challenge to complacency comes from the evidence that such novel doctrines are today being adapted behind the Iron Curtain for future use."

(It is significant that, on at least two occasions since the war, Soviet agents have sought to kidnap Skorzeny and carry him off to Moscow.)

"If another world clash should come, which God forbid, its opening phase may be decisive, for nuclear explosives have put a heavy premium on surprise attack. What is not perhaps so obvious to those unfamiliar with the kind of activities described is how small numbers of picked men may find ways of introducing atomic weapons, among others, into their enemy's stronghold even in advance of the outbreak."

Reverting to the 'blurb': "With such men at large in any future war, an enemy's superiority in numbers and armaments could be largely neutralized, while no opposing leader could rest easy even in his central stronghold, no army be free from penetration and disruption, and no vital stores or stockpile of super-weapons be secure from the marauders. . . . There is perhaps just time for us to relearn the lesson ourselves

and to surpass our possible opponents in the audacious, imaginative use of the one unanswerable weapon, man."

And that is the moral of "Commando Extraordinary." I strongly recommend this book for Legion reading.

POSTSCRIPT: A review which started on a "personal" note should logically, and perhaps pardonably, end on one.

During production of the last issue of THE RUM JAR to appear before World War II began, when Munich's bitter fruit was bringing realization that war was inevitable, I received an urgent call from the Editor. Deadline for copy past and still some space to fill, he cried for help: Would I produce a story — any kind, pronto? Time, he stressed, was of the essence. Weakening under the bludgeoning of his insistence, I agreed, though I knew it meant drawing from a well already dry.

Under persistent pressure, however, the sponge of memory yielded a drop of inspiration, of the pure juice of fantasy. It was, indeed, residue of an idea that must have occurred to many who had gazed (as I had) for many months on end across the waste of No-Man's-Land to an exasperatingly near horizon. What lay beyond that hill in enemy territory? Many, wondering, asked that question and the corollary thereto: What to do about it.

We had not heard of Commandos then, of the modern type. Stirling's brilliant concepts, Skorzeny's ingenious adaptations, lay in the future—the not-too-remote future, as it happened. Nevertheless we could, and did, speculate, adumbrating in many cases the wildest and wooliest of schemes. From a vestige of such speculation, I proceeded to conjure my story for THE RUM JAR—a story that filled the Editor's vacant space there (alas!) to die, unread.

We printed it (as I recall) under the title "The McCarthy Technique," for reasons that will appear. Had we but known, we could have entitled it "The Skorzeny Technique." For, in developing the yarn, in blowing the droplet into a blimp, I infiltrated élite battalions of disguised, German-speaking, commando-type troops behind the front line of the then "imaginary" enemy to wreak havoc and spread panic along his lines of communication and supply. It was a static front, as I recall it—a state vaguely anticipatory of the "phony" war that was to come within a year.

As I wrote, tongue in cheek, elaborating a fantasy, I made what now appears a cardinal mistake: I strayed from the fantastic into the farcical. Those were the days when the Bergen-McCarthy influence was strong in the land; and, to pad out the story, I introduced a silly piece of embroidery culled from that source. In short, I mixed platoons of ventriloquists with the troops I had deployed in the enemy's rear. Their specific task was to project voices into enemy billets and barracks — voices minatory of disaster, prophetic of defeat; a new kind of psychological warfare.

That was a mistake, though it seemed nice invention at the time — and certainly helped fill out the space. It was a mistake; for, cutting out the McCarthy intrusive, what's left of the story presents a fair anticipation of the technique and tactics Skorzeny employed in the opening, disruptive stages of the Battle of the Bulge.

One might conclude that therein lies the reason the elusive Otto has exercised that fascination which I acknowledged in the prologue of this review.



## Hail and Farewell

Continued from page 1

his tenure. Personally, he organized over 100 Branches, but there is no record of the number he pulled back from the brink of extinction. Under his guidance, and largely due to his zeal and aptitude for organization, Saskatchewan Command has attained exemplary prominence among Provincial Commands in all major Legion projects and activities.

It is, however, the host of individual veterans whom he has helped with their individual problems who have most cause to cherish a warm gratitude for the retiring Provincial Secretary. He made their problems his own, and pressed their cases zealously. Quick in sympathy and understanding, imbued with a stern sense of justice, Len put everything he had into his work, and expected no less of all officers and members of the Legion. Membership for him was a privilege and a trust to be consummated in service to those in need. If, on occasion, he was brusque, and forthright in his brusqueness, it was because he was intolerant of second-rate endeavor, of indifferent or lax performance of an accepted obligation. In short, he was allergic to the shirker, his standards being high and exacting. Yet behind the brusqueness lay (and lies) the soft heart of the sentimentalist, which finds reward in the service of his fellows.

Time and space place limitations on these expressions of appreciation of a grand chap, whose end memorial will be in the example he set, and in the

hearts of those who are privileged to call him friend. Members of the Old Guard will, I am sure, fully accord with the sentiment so well expressed by Robert Louis Stevenson:

"It's an owercome sooth frae age to youth,  
And it brooks wi' nae denial,  
That the dearest friends are the auldest  
friends,  
And the young are still on trial."

To Len and Louise (his "souvenir"), THE RUM JAR wishes a length of happy days; to Lin the support and wholehearted co-operation of all Legion members throughout his incumbency.—G.S.

### HE ASKED FOR MORE

Little Tommy came home from school with a black eye. "What have you been up to?" demanded his mother.

"I've been fighting Billy Briggs," the boy confessed.

"Well, tomorrow morning take him some cake and make friends," his mother told him.

Tommy did so, but the following afternoon he came home with his other eye blackened. "Good heavens!" exploded his mother, "who did that?"

"Billy did," said Tommy. "He wants more cake."

—Tracks.

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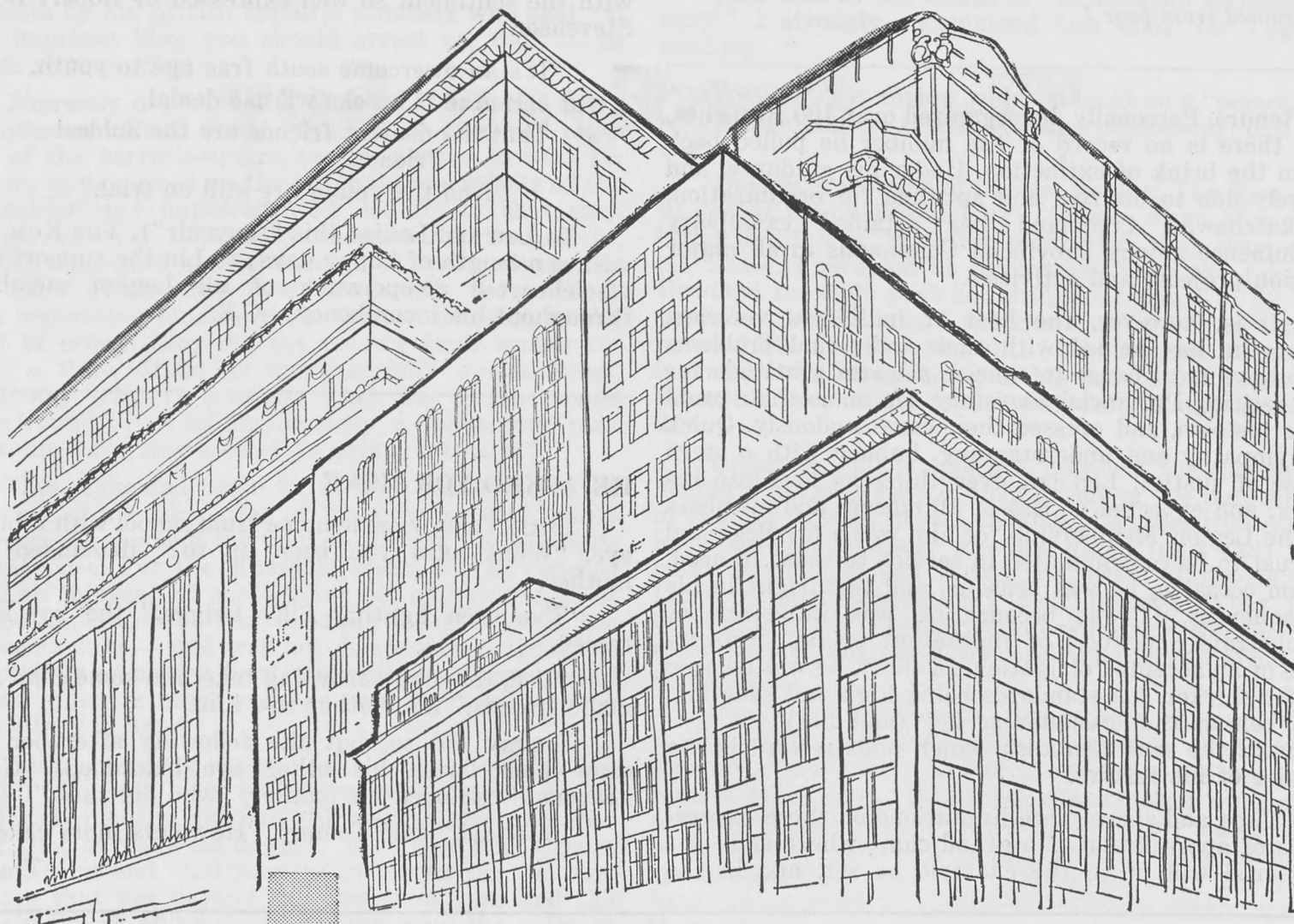
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**EATON'S OF CANADA**



For Which Side?

# The Cat-Eyed Spy

## A Riddle of the War

**L**A CHATTE HAS been freed. Not for her the sounds of the firing party's rifle-bolts clicking in the morning chill of a French fortress yard.

Not for her either, the remorseless year-by-year routine of the alternative which France imposed when her death sentence for treason was commuted six years ago. She was then sentenced to hard labor for life.

Early last summer, the prison gates opened; she had been released. . . .

Consider La Chatte of the green cat-like eyes, the quiet voice, and the modest ways. Her name is Mathilde Carre. She is 46. And she was once a spy. Today, there are only a few streaks of grey in the dark head which holds one of the strangest riddles of the war.

La Chatte — the Cat — is the name by which, during the war, she was known to the Intelligence services of both sides.

All over France today are men and women, former members of the French Resistance who fiercely debate the justice of her sentence, because for years the great question about La Chatte has been: For which side *did* she work?

She began as an Allied agent. She was arrested, forced to work for the Germans. And later, she claims, she conducted a great double-cross.

She says she was sent to England as a Nazi agent, but that, all the time, she worked for the British.

Now, in the quiet house where she went after her release, La Chatte has told her own side of one of the bizarre dramas of the war, to a London newspaperman.

"Monsieur," she said, "don't you think I have suffered enough?" Then she began to tell her strange story — the story as it was told by her lawyer in a memorandum in which he successfully appealed for her reprieve from the firing squad.

Mathilde Carre was a nurse in a military hospital. She met a Polish captain in Toulouse, and together they decided to found a Resistance network under the nickname of Interallied. Through most of 1941 Interallied did great service to the Allies. Mathilde worked a secret radio transmitter. She was able to furnish to the Gaullist Military Intelligence the complete German Army battle plan in 1941.

In November of that year the crash came. Under Nazi interrogation an Interallied agent broke down. The Germans obtained a complete list of the organization's members.

Mathilde was seized for questioning by Hauptmann Erich Boerchers, of the German counter-Intelligence. Immediately after her arrest the Germans swooped on many Resistance members.

At the trial of La Chatte it was stated that she had acted as a decoy while some of those arrests were made.

Her own explanation was that the Germans had found on her a diary with details of meetings with Resistance men, and forced her to keep those appoint-

ments. "I was offered the choice of going along or being shot," she said simply.

Soon after her arrest she began working for Hauptmann Boerchers. The Germans got hold of the Interallied radio transmitter. With this they sent regular messages, purporting to come from British agents, to the Admiralty in London. They helped, for instance, the warships Scharnhorst and Gneisenau to escape up the Channel by sending messages beforehand that the two vessels were badly damaged at Brest.

Then came a queer turn in the drama. She met a leading French Resistance man—known as "Lucas"—and told him all she knew about what the Germans were doing.

Lucas proposed to her the great plan . . . that she should trick the Germans and persuade them to send her to London as a Nazi agent while in reality she would work for the British.

"And that," La Chatte told the newspaperman, "is what I did. The Germans thought I was going over to serve them, but all the time the British War Office knew everything about it, and it was they who arranged to get me across the Channel.

She took a pencil and said: "Look, let me write it down for you."

She scrawled the words: "Rocher Mignon, Trebeurden, Brittany." And she said: "That is the place from where the British Navy smuggled me into Britain."

For days, in this strange war of wits between two espionage services, a series of coded telegrams had been exchanged between the British Intelligence Service and French Resistance men arranging for the transfer of La Chatte to Britain. And Hauptmann Boerchers knew all about it, believing that he was sending across one of his own agents to fool the British.

"It was in the middle of the night that we left from the Rocher Mignon," said La Chatte. "We landed somewhere on the British coast — I don't know exactly where — and on the shore to meet us was Colonel Buckmaster, in charge, on the British side, of all French Resistance activities."

Secretly, La Chatte was driven to London. There she met a series of officers of the War Office.

"I told the British everything I knew about Boerchers and his counter-intelligence organization, and about how he had used my radio to send them messages.

"Then they were able to do the same thing back to him.

"Boerchers thought I was in London as his agent. So the War Office sent him misleading telegrams in my name, with all the proper German code words which I had given them."

She added, with a faint smile: "Boerchers, I believe, really had confidence in me—at least, more or less, because, as you know, monsieur, confidence is a very relative term, especially in affairs like these."

La Chatte lived for several months in England in the summer of 1942, going around London restaurants and meeting many people besides British Army officers. But finally La Chatte's past, the period when she was working in Paris with Boerchers, caught up with her.

The French Resistance sent word that they were not sure of her reliability. Suddenly, in July, 1942, she was arrested in central London and spent three years in Holloway prison.

In 1945, she was flown to Paris and handed over to the French sûreté to face trial.

She finished her story, saying in a tired voice: "All I am trying to do now is to forget. If you write anything, please ask the world to forget 'La Chatte'."

And, far away in Hanover, Mathilde's former Nazi chief, the ex-Hauptmann Erich Boerchers—now a commercial traveller in surgical bandages — made the final comment. He said:

"Looking back now it is my firm conviction that La Chatte entered British territory in order to avoid working for us. But exactly how it all happened was one of the riddles of the war."

#### FAME REJECTED

A patient was arguing with his doctor over his big bill. "If you knew what a sacrifice I made for you," said the doctor, "you wouldn't be blowing your top."

"What do you mean, your sacrifice?" demanded the patient.

"There never has been a case just like yours," said the doctor. "If I had let it develop into a post-mortem I would have achieved world-wide fame!"

—Capper's Weekly.

## Majorityism Threat To Democracy

Majorityism is supplanting true democracy in Canada by ridding millions of Canadians of their freedom to choose means and conditions of livelihood, to choose their employers, to choose the organizations to which they may or may not wish to belong, to choose buyers for their produce, goods and services, to make many vital decisions affecting the well-being of themselves and their families.

Those who believe that a majority has a right to grant or withhold the natural rights of individuals and minorities refuse to recognize the existence of inalienable rights with which every person is born and on which democracy is founded.

Reprinted from "Rural Scene," August, 1955.

## THE CANORA COURIER

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RALPH D. DAVIS, Editor



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# MALTA, 1915

by G. C. Thomson  
Swift Current

**F**AR BACK IN history I was in Malta for a brief period in the early part of World War I — my war. Malta isn't a place one forgets. Of course it would be greatly different in War II. But in 1915 aircraft were in infancy; such damage as they could do to Valetta and other towns was hardly material. The moral risk was the greater; one feared the unknown; forecasts weren't lacking as to the sheer impossibility of life on a bombed island where a prairieman had barely room to turn. For Malta is, I think, only some twenty miles by ten, and these miles mostly one entire rock. Anyhow, we of '15 suffered no inconvenience from the planes; we did from the submarines, however.

Malta was original. I see again the steep streets like ancient tunnels between high houses, the marble homes, volcanic ash roads and walls, staring, glaring, swollen flowers, the goats that followed their owners like dogs, the citadel, the palaces, the endless churches, the black-robed women. Their heavy old hood, too, is black; and is (or then was) universally worn, for they are still repenting the shame that came on women from the soldiery in the Napoleonic conquest. There, were, too, the catacombs and other holes in the rock. Early Christians knew their uses. Skulls and skeletons were two for a dime. In less horrible days it would have been a shuddery business to go exploring: war makes that commonplace. And these same grim catacombs have been of ironic comfort to the Maltese.

Of the early Christians, Saint Paul must have been first on the social register. His captain "fetched a compass" and did what seamanship decreed. (That record was given by some devout student as proof that the compass was not invented by the Chinese!) But crash went the good ship on the rocks of Malta, and the saint was saved to preach another sermon on a serpent.

In my ward in St. Andrew's (not St. Paul's) hospital near Valetta lay two wrecks from the Dardanelles. One had his eyes out—a gallant old Englishman who, until he died not long ago, used for thirty Christmasses to write reminding me of the "happy days" (his words) we spent together on the burning sands of Turkey. To them came one of the dear women who cheer the wounded. "And you know how historic Malta is. It was Melita, where Saint Paul shook the snake off into the fire..." "Yes, thank you, I remember," said Bed No. 1: "I'm a Presbyterian; but do tell it to Captain Rattray — he's a Methodist."

One real sacrifice the Catholics of Valetta made was the stilling of the bells. Their bells were famous; famous for their individual stories, their founders, their tones, their numbers. Particularly their numbers. They called to prayer more insistently than the Muezzins of Arabia, and not so tunelessly. But when the wounded arrived in shiploads and that jingle-jangle threatened rest and even reason, the churches made their decision generously: the bells ceased.

One didn't in that war pressure, get so close to the native Maltese. They were a swarthy folk of a mixed

breed, part North African Arab, part Italian, part miscellaneous. For language, French would help more than English, but Italian was the thing. One met them in their stores and banks, on railways and in clubs, and goodwill made light of most difficulties. They were kindly and gay (most of them gay even in such times), and devout; simple, and not too energetic—the sun saw to that. Musical, too. And their lace! What lovely lace . . . and cheap, perhaps; but I hardly found that out. Soldiers then, of the British army for sure, had little pocket money.

Maltese fighting quality one had no real chance to judge. Nor of their feelings for any greater fatherland than little Malta; even back then people were arguing whether to serve Italy or Britain. About 1941 the answer came with crashing finality. The crafty propaganda failed. Old similarities of race and language and custom were forgotten. The Maltese proved a man, not a robot, and took his place by the side of British comrades; no meagre place either: the old knights of Malta left their mark.

Around 1943, a London lawyer was there investigating the bombed mess. Going the rounds with the governor, a British general, they came on two Maltese women outside a little battered store. Here is the civilian's story:

"The governor said a few words of encouragement — 'We shall get the better of the enemy all right.' One of them replied that they prayed God for that every day. 'And He will answer your prayers,' said the governor. The quiet answer came: 'God is very good to us already.' That is the language of the simple folk of whom the saints of God are fashioned. And then there was a small, oldish man, a Maltese, pink and clean-shaven, in an open shirt, with a bald head fringed with grey hair. He had been gassed in the first battle of Ypres when serving with the Canadians, and now he was an hotel-keeper in a small way whose hotel had been destroyed with all that he possessed in it, including (what troubled him most) his letter of thanks from the King. He panted after us, saluted and told the governor he was so sorry for him: so sorry for *him*! But his heart was with us, and we should win."

In such ways little Malta, resolute though shattered flat, won the George Cross.

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## Precision Plus

Eleven years ago (on April 9, 1944, to be precise), a small group of R.A.F. staff officers and pilots gathered 'round a small scale model of the Hague in the centre of which was a Dutch house of special significance.

Briefing officers gave information as to the thickness and composition of the walls of the house, number and size of windows; even the probability of windows and filing cabinets being open at certain times was discussed. All this was important if the highly secret mission being planned was to be a success. And success it had to be with no margin for error, if the killing or injuring of Dutch citizens was to be avoided.

The problem was to completely destroy this house and its contents without damaging other buildings in the vicinity. Success meant the destruction of Gestapo documents contained in the many filing cabinets inside this, the Gestapo Headquarters; documents which were invaluable to the Germans and equally dangerous to the heroic Dutch Underground Movement.

Weeks of research to decide which bombs could do the job had produced a judicious mixture of high explosive and incendiary types. Contrary to popular belief, it was virtually impossible to destroy paper in bulk by fire, and the use of H.E. bombs only was also unlikely to achieve the desired results.

Heavy H.E. might destroy the building but the contents of the filing cabinets would merely be scattered and could be collected again. H.E. dropped in sufficient amounts just to cause the collapse of the walls would serve only to bury the vital filing cabinets instead of destroying their contents.

The final bomb load was planned to vent the building open with high explosives, for incendiary bombs to fire the contents and for delayed action bombs to discourage fire-fighters interfering with the destruction of the vital documents. Trials in the stowage of the bombs in the Mosquito aircraft had already taken place.

Surprise was essential in view of the considerable A.A. defences, and success depended on being able to make a low-level approach, bomb and get away at high speed before the defences were checked.

As a result of studying the model from all angles a low-level approach was selected and the run-in planned, using high chimneys and prominent features as landmarks.

Three days later (on April 11, 1944), six Mosquitoes of No. 615 Squadron, 2 Group 2nd Tactical Air Force, led by Wing-Commander R. N. Bateson, D.F.C., and including a Dutch pilot, took off on their secret mission and, skimming the house tops, the first aircraft went in and (to quote the following pilot): "His bombs went right in the front door." In turn, high explosives, delayed-action and incendiary bombs rent the house from its neighbors like a decayed tooth. Only one bomb overshot the house and this struck a German barracks.

A sentry on duty at the door of the house threw away his rifle when the first Mosquito came into view and ran for his life. A parade of German soldiers and others taking part in a football match behind the building scattered in every direction as the attack continued.

Later reconnaissance photographs showed that while the target building had been reduced to rubble neighboring houses suffered no more damage than broken windows and loosened tiles.

Wing-Commander Bateson was awarded the D.S.O. and other pilots in the formation received decorations for their part in what was then considered one of the most brilliant feats of low-level precision bombing of the war.

Similar attacks, led by the same officer, were later made on Gestapo Headquarters in Copenhagen and Odense.

—EMPIRE AND COMMONWEALTH.

### Ghost-Writing

The newly appointed public relations officer found that among his many duties was writing speeches for his boss, the president of the corporation. After writing a few of them, he received a terse note from the boss stating, "Don't use such damn long words in my speeches, I want to know what the hell I'm talking about."

—True.

## Mayor and City Council of Moose Jaw, Sask.

## Peace—

Five great enemies of peace inhabit with us — avarice, ambition, envy, anger, and pride; if these were to be banished, we should infallibly enjoy perpetual peace.

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*The British White Paper**The Case of the Missing Diplomats*

## Complete Text with Editorial Foreword

PUBLICATION BY THE British Foreign Office of a White Paper on the Case of the Missing Diplomats caused a flap in Fleet Street rivalling that occasioned by the Case of a Certain Princess and a Certain Air Attache.

Before and after the White Paper appeared, the newspapers, pursuing their own lines of inquiry into the backgrounds of Maclean and Burgess and the circumstances of their flight behind the Iron Curtain, found plenty to "view with alarm," much evidence to support their charges of inefficiency and gross ineptitude in Foreign Office security measures and in security arrangements generally. Nor were M.I.5 or the Security Branch of Scotland Yard immune from the editorial bludgeoning. The Press did not like the departmental report—period. Too much was left out of it, they said; too many questions left unanswered.

The White Paper admitted knowledge of the fact that both Maclean and Burgess had been Communists in their college days, but were believed to have recanted. Yet, the investigations revealed, both had grisly skeletons in their personal cupboards that made them easy prey to the form of blackmail practised by Soviet espionage agencies, the Cheka or MVD. For weeks the newspapers had been asserting that the "third man" (vaguely mentioned in the White Paper), who had tipped off the two diplomats that they were under suspicion and investigation, was known to the authorities and nothing had been done about him. Not until Parliament reopened on October 25th was the name divulged—and then, not by the Government.

What the Press found most disconcerting was the apparent ease with which the two suspected traitors escaped the net, and that with which Mrs. Maclean succeeded in joining her husband. That Maclean, under grave suspicion amounting almost to certainty of trafficking with Soviet agents, should have been granted leave of absence for the very week-end on which he made his getaway, smacked strongly of collusion in high places. Hence the flap—but not the sole cause of it.

Earlier in the year, an authoritative and compendious book entitled "The Net That Covers the World" had been published. In it the author set forth the organization and methods of Soviet espionage agencies, bringing into stark outline the inadequacies of the Secret Services of the West to cope with the Russian network in numbers, ramifications, ruthlessness, and in all-round amorality. Spying is a sordid game in peacetime, cloak-and-dagger writers to the contrary; but in the Western countries some rules, some conventions, some prohibitions are observed. With Cheka or MVD, however, no holds are barred. Western Powers would draw the line, for example, at blackmail, at kidnapping and at murder. The Cheka knows no such scruples; the end justifies the means.

"The Net That Covers the World" is an ominous book. It shows that, against the few hundreds employed

by any of the Western Powers, the Soviet secret services number their agents in the hundreds of thousands: between 250,000 and 300,000 active agents, according to the estimate. When, in addition to these, the Soviet agencies can muster recruits from the willing dupes and the Fifth Columnists who place allegiance to Communism above and beyond all other loyalties, it becomes apparent that Russia needs no military bases abroad; nor, for that matter, aerial inspections of U.S. military installations which would merely confirm what the Kremlin already knows. It becomes apparent, also, that there is some cause for the alarm sounded by the British newspapers.

Parliament is certain to debate the Burgess-Maclean affair. Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden has already stated that he will participate in it, though, as this is written, the debate has not been scheduled. However, a preview of the line the debate is likely to take was given recently in a panel discussion on the new Independent Television system.

A member of the panel, Sir Robert Boothby, a Conservative M.P., said he had known Burgess and "would not have trusted him with half a crown." Burgess, the newspapers found, was a garrulous, playboy type, always broke—until 1948 when, suddenly affluent from some unknown source, he started throwing gay parties far beyond the capacity of his known income to stand. He had been known to distribute Communist literature, and once had actually addressed a rally of the comrades in Trafalgar Square. These facts raised high the question: what security "screening", if any, candidates for the diplomatic service underwent.

Another member of the panel, Mr. Alan Taylor, a historian, said he had met Maclean in 1950 and "if you had asked me if he was a Soviet agent, I would have said that it stuck out a mile. He was thoroughly neurotic, a dipsomaniac, and so on."

That "so on" is an understatement in excelsis. The newspapers dug up from the mud of the past that occasional homosexuality darkened Maclean's background; and, they point out, that made him peculiarly susceptible to the MVD style of blackmail.

On the face of it, it seems an unholy muddle — though one is tempted to suspect more may have been made of it than the circumstances warrant. However, it is symptomatic of the times; and Fleet Street has a tendency to react violently to American baiting on the "security" question.

Another development may help to explain some of the emphasis placed upon the case.

The newspapers report that it is common gossip among the Embassies in Moscow that Maclean had something to do with the more friendly climate in international affairs. Said to be employed as an adviser in the Anglo-American bureau of the Russian Foreign Office, he is believed to be originator of the New Look in high-level Soviet diplomacy — the smiles, the hand-shaking, back-slapping and elbow-raising, the vodka



and caviare parties, and the exchanges of visits between East and West. If it be true, or even approximately true, that he helped raise the curtain, it can be said with a proportionate degree of truth, that he has made a contribution to the cause of peace. No matter what the motive or what the reservations, the fact that discussions on contentious questions can now be conducted in a temperate atmosphere free from the insults and recriminations of the past, has served to ease world tensions and inspire hope of more positive achievements to come.

The "Summit" talks, and those which followed, led Harold Macmillan, British Foreign Secretary to declare, on his return from Geneva, "There ain't gonna be no war."

Marshal Krushchev told Herr Grotewohl and his East German colleagues, "We don't need war to obtain victory for Socialism, pacific emulation is enough."

Newspapers agree that dangers of a "hot" war (and thermonuclear war cannot but be hot) have receded. But — inasmuch as they describe the present situation as the "Smiling War," they give evidence that they keep their fingers crossed. War with the Russian nation, or with the Russian people may be remote, even unthinkable because it would be suicidal both ways. But, they add, the war with international Communism is a continuous war, relentlessly, unremittently waged. "We can wear a smile on our faces," Marshal Bulganin told Grotewohl, "but our minds are not changed." In short, the Marx-Lenin objective remained.

Hence the importance attached to the discussions of the Burgess-Maclean incident.

**NOTE:** The foregoing does not necessarily express or reflect the opinions of the writer. It summarizes press reports and editorial comments on the Burgess-Maclean affair, and is intended to be read in the context of the White Paper and of any parliamentary debate thereon.

Having come into possession of a copy of the White Paper, and recognizing that, in the light of the Gouzenko exposures, we in Canada cannot wholly ignore the implications, THE RUM JAR reproduces hereunder the complete text:—

ON THE EVENING of Friday, May 25, 1951, Donald Duart Maclean, a Counsellor in the senior branch of the Foreign Service and at that time head of the American Department in the Foreign Office, and Guy Francis de Moncy Burgess, a Second Secretary in the junior branch of the Foreign Service, left the United Kingdom from Southampton on the boat for St. Malo.

The circumstances of their departure from England, for which they had not sought sanction, were such as to make it obvious that they had deliberately fled the country.

Both officers were suspended from duty on June 1, 1951, and their appointments in the Foreign Office were terminated on June 1, 1952, with effect from June 1, 1951.

Maclean was the son of a former Cabinet Minister, Sir Donald Maclean. He was born in 1913 and was educated at Gresham's School, Holt, and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he had a distinguished academic record.

He successfully competed for the Diplomatic Service in 1935 and was posted in the first instance to the Foreign Office. He served subsequently in Paris, at Washington, and in Cairo.

He was an officer of exceptional ability and was promoted to the rank of Counsellor at the early age of 35. He was married to an American lady and had two young sons. A third child was born shortly after his disappearance.

In May, 1950, while serving at His Majesty's Embassy, Cairo, Maclean was guilty of serious misconduct and suffered a form of breakdown which was attributed to overwork and excessive drinking.

Until the breakdown took place his work had remained eminently satisfactory and there was no ground whatsoever for doubting his loyalty.

After recuperation and leave at home he was passed medically fit, and in October, 1950, was appointed to be Head of the American Department of the Foreign Office, which, since it does not deal with the major problems of Anglo-American relations, appeared to be within his capacity.

Since Maclean's disappearance a close examination of his background has revealed that during his student days at Cambridge from 1931 to 1934 he had expressed Communist sympathies, but there was no evidence that he had ever been a member of the Communist Party, and indeed on leaving the University he had outwardly renounced his earlier Communist views.

Burgess was born in 1911 and was educated at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, at Eton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he had a brilliant academic record.

After leaving Cambridge in 1935 he worked for a short time in London as a journalist and joined the B.B.C. in 1936, where he remained until January, 1939. From 1939 until 1941 he was employed in one of the war propaganda organizations.

He rejoined the B.B.C. in January, 1941, and remained there until 1944, when he applied for and obtained a post as a temporary Press officer in the News Department of the Foreign Office.

He was not recruited into the Foreign Service through the open competitive examination, but in 1947 took the opportunity open to temporary employees to present himself for establishment.

He appeared before a Civil Servant Commission Board and was recommended for the junior branch of the Foreign Service. His establishment took effect from January 1, 1947.

He worked for a time in the office of the then Minister of State, Mr. Hector McNeil, and in the Far Eastern Department of the Foreign Office. In August, 1950, he was transferred to Washington as a Second Secretary.

Early in 1950 the security authorities informed the Foreign Office that in late 1949 while on holiday abroad Burgess had been guilty of indiscreet talk about secret matters of which he had official knowledge. For this he was severely reprimanded.

Apart from this lapse, his service in the Foreign Office up to the time of his appointment to Washington was satisfactory and there seemed good reason to hope that he would make a useful career.

In Washington, however, his work and behaviour gave rise to complaint. The Ambassador reported that his work had been unsatisfactory in that he lacked thoroughness and balance in routine matters, that he had come to the unfavourable notice of the Department of State because of his reckless driving and that he had had to be reprimanded for carelessness in leaving confidential papers unattended.

(Continued on page 46)



*Tribute to a Real Guy*

# My Pal Charlie

*by K. M. Parlee (ex-28th Batt.)*

Minden, Ontario

I'M SURE YOU all know Charlie. He is an integral part of the Saskatchewan scene today. So much so, indeed, that it is unnecessary to mention his second name. I'm told he has threatened the direst consequences—upon me, if I write about him; upon the editor, if he publishes my yarn. But as I write from far-away Ontario, I'm prepared to take a chance if THE RUM JAR will, also . . .

Had you been in Locre in the autumn of 1915, you probably ran across my nondescript friend, Charlie, on the odd occasion he visited the place. Being on the machine-guns, he could leave them only on rare occasions. They were never more than a mile from the front line, and were always ready for action. We had very few guns in those days, and what we had were always badly needed.

The Colonel was probably just as glad that his visits were but occasional. He looked anything but a credit to anyone or any unit. How a cap could get so dirty and so dilapidated in one short year of service none could guess. A badge was worth two francs at least, and you could get a lot of French beer for that. So Charlie had no cap badge. Putties *would* get muddy and wet in the line, so Charlie wore no putties. Buttons *would* come off his tunic, badges *would* get lost, shoes *would* get muddy, and — well, his razor was often mislaid just when he felt the urge to take a trip into the back area. He would leave his equipment behind, of course, not only to save trouble, but — as he explained to anyone, officer or man, whom he considered to be butting into his own private business — in order that he could get back faster to his gun in case of an emergency.

So he would saunter into Locre, six feet of fat and good nature, hair tousled, hands in trouser pockets, looking for the quartermaster's stores. There he would replenish lost mess tin, water bottle, blanket, overcoat — anything he had mislaid. Then he would hie him to the nearest pub to invest any money he had been able to get his hands on for the occasion.

The Q.M. always tried to hide when this vagrant came in sight. If he got caught he would say, resignedly, "Well, Charlie, another shell?"

"Yeh," would be the reply. "Had my blankets drying. Shell landed on 'em." Or it would be, "No, flare lit on my overcoat. All burnt up before I could get to it." . . . He had probably thrown it over some wounded chap being taken out in the rain. Or it might have been that it had got so muddy coming in last time that he had just thrown it away. It was a lot easier to get a new one than spend a lot of useful time cleaning and drying the old. Besides it was a bit lousy.

Shrapnel would smash his razor while shaving, pierce his mess tin, or wreck his haversack. Shells would bury about anything. The Q.M. was easy, and really liked to listen to the offspring of Charlie's imagination. He also kept a diary, rich in anecdote, and

containing many a sly crack at the numerous vultures from the front line whose main recreation appeared to be robbing the stores. He knew that half the time he was being had; but once, he had refused to give an insinuating pirate a new ground-sheet. The buccaneer had been killed that night, and he had never forgiven himself. So Charlie would wander back, as a rule, with enough to keep him going for another week.

Only when he told tales of how the rum jar had got a direct hit from a trench mortar would the Q.M. be firm and refuse a single drop of compensation.

The day before Christmas, the machine-gun officer had given him a chit to get a small bottle of brandy from the officers' mess, for the Christmas pudding. A transport driver gave him a lift back. Naturally he offered the driver a sip of the Christmas cheer. They sipped alternately. The result was that he had finally to tell the expectant cook that the bottle had got broken. The scouts stole our turkey. So the dinner went pretty flat. The turnips weren't done either.

Another day at Regent Street dugouts he wanted five francs to send to England for something or other. I had only a twenty-franc note. He would bring me the change, he said. It was long after midnight when I heard scraps of conversation outside.

An exaggerated English accent expostulated: "But, my deah fellow, it isn't done!"

Charlie's self-satisfied reply was somewhat blurred: "But I *have* done it!"

What he had done was mixed up somehow with a poker game in a wayside estaminet. His winnings had been beyond his dreams. He had always wanted to have enough money to buy out one of those places. Now he had it. Such opportunities don't come so often that one can afford to miss them. He didn't. What the assembled crowd of vultures couldn't drink was put in sandbags and divided. Charlie's portion was a generous one — about twelve bottles of red and white wine.

I have never been sure whether the argument outside had to do with the obvious lack of ethics displayed by Charlie in the disposal of my money, or whether the sentry was merely expressing a justifiable incredulity with regard to the yarn being spun to him. Knowing the sentry, I fear it was the latter.

Still, twelve bottles for twenty francs wasn't so bad. The money for England had to be borrowed elsewhere.

In the trenches, the shells annoyed him. When they were coming over you would find him with his back to them, head down and collar turned up — just the way anyone would be inclined to put up with a squirting from a hose. "God, I'm scared," he would shiver.

One night we were playing poker in S.P.7. We were fairly new to the game (of war) and hadn't covered the gun embrasure. A whiz-bang came right through, went out the door and burst against a post

twenty feet down the trench. Nobody was hurt, but Charlie threw away his three sevens and drew to the two odd cards. I hope you have gathered by this time that he was rather an irresponsible person, not much of a soldier.

Near Strong Point No. 8 was a haystack. It was on a ridge. We had become rather careless about exposing ourselves there, with the result that a sniper hit one of the engineers. A stretcher-bearer went up to get him and got plugged, too. A third man got winged trying to get them. We decided to leave them till dark.

Charlie was not on duty that day and happened to be roving around looking for someone who would be willing to lend him some money for the purchase of some lace he wanted to send to England. There were a few shells about, and he was scared. Still, he found a door and started off for the haystack. When he got to the ridge he laid the door down and pushed it in front of him. I can see him still as he made sure that his collar was turned up. I can still hear the bullets whistling by that stack.

Three times he crossed the ridge, and three times he got back with his man. He didn't get a scratch, but a bullet did hit the hilt of his bayonet. It was now nothing but a good souvenir.

It was a comparatively easy matter now to borrow the required five francs to send to England — via the nearest estaminet. So he took out his bayonet and threw it away, laid aside his equipment, and set out for Loche.

After five francs' worth of refreshments he paid his customary visit to the stores.

"Say, Sergeant, bullet hit my bayonet —"

"You get to hell out of here, you damned lying thief! You've pulled that stuff just about long enough." So spoke the Q.M.'s underling. The Q.M. had seen him coming.

Charlie didn't insist. Five francs properly expended makes one very philosophical. He would look up the discarded weapon and bring it out with him next time he had a day off. He would have to borrow five francs somewhere. He needed to send to England sometime a piece of lace that had taken his fancy.

He no doubt wanted that bayonet badly in those last few exciting minutes at Hooe, when the Germans snowed him under and the battalion lost a good soldier.

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# Targets Are Higher

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IT USED TO be sergeant-majors who were the targets of the pent-up resentments against army life and routine, the objective of all the threats of reprisals for every real or imaginary grievance entertained by what are euphoniously termed "Other Ranks." In fact, it is a perennial mystery how any sergeant-major ever has lived to qualify for an old-age pension. For everybody, it seemed, wanted to take a poke at his sergeant-major "once we get back into civvies." There was even that old yarn on the theme, "You'll have to take your place in the queue, my lad."

Now, it would appear, sights have been raised — which, perhaps, was only to be expected. Taxes are higher; living costs higher; everything's higher. What more natural then than that targets should be higher?

Take, as prime example, the case of James McNiven McSporran — an almost incredible name for a real Scot.

McSporran, 19, set the modern pattern by breaking ranks during an admiral's inspection, last July, charging the admiral at full tilt, striking and pushing him and all but knocking him overboard.

For that unique act, they hung no hero's gongs on Mac. Instead, they sentenced him to two years in jail and dismissed him from the Royal Navy. The jail sentence has since been reduced.

No one at his court-martial at Devonport was really quite sure what had led the burly, stockily built McSporran, after three years of exemplary service in the Navy, suddenly to go berserk and assault Vice-Admiral J. W. M. Eaton. The defending officer put it down to a "sudden impulse brought on by overwork, the heat, and by boredom with the routine of service in the Reserve Fleet." He had been on watch the day before and, instead of the 24-hours' off-duty he had expected, he was ordered to turn out for general drill during the admiral's inspection.

"I did it. I've had my chips and that's that," said McSporran as he left the dockyard for a civilian jail. "There was nothing personal in it."

He was taken to hospital and placed under observation after a Harley-street specialist had notified the Admiralty that McSporran suffered from a glandular condition that could lead to a certain amount of mental instability. Later, he was discharged from hospital, O.K. You see, when confronted with the unprecedented, they have to seek physical or psychological excuse of the most recondite kind. Any Other Rank could have given a quite reasonable, if unscientific, explanation.

The second case adduced to prove that targets are higher is that of Stoker James Stevens — these things must be contagious in the Navy. Jim is an 18-year-old English lad. A short time after McSporran's exploit had hit the London headlines, Stevens was being marched off to the guard-house for throwing his cap at his C.O., Commodore C. J. G. Evans, R.N., while at defaulters' table where he had pleaded guilty to deserting while on his honeymoon. Proceedings had been brief: the sentence, 90 days' detention, subject to confirmation by the C-in-C.

Stevens faced the Commodore across the table as sentence was passed. The proceedings over, the Master-at-Arms called, "Hats on!" The prisoner made to do the "tiddley whirl," but, instead of putting his cap on, he buzzed it straight at the Commodore's head. The latter, it was reported, with amazing self-restraint stayed calm and said not a word, though, no doubt, he could have said plenty; for the youngster had had 14 days' special leave while on draft for his wedding and honeymoon. He had, in fact, little to beef about.

The third example presents a slightly different picture, yet goes also to prove that targets are higher. Sapper Glyn Jones, 24, a Welshman of Irish parents, hit the roof in his little escapade. Literally.

One night late last summer, Jones went to the Naafi and drank 14 half-pint bottles of cider. There must have been a "kick" in it, for Jones immediately began to sing so loudly that a lance-corporal and escort walked in.

His journey to the guard-room was one prolonged scuffle, larded with language much more potent than the cider which (presumably) caused it all.

At the guard-room, Sapper Jones refused to enter the cell, and started to beat up the lance-jack with a pickhandle. A lance-corporal, of course, is no high target, but in this case he represented Authority. Then a provost sergeant appeared on the scene, and persuaded him to enter under circumstances that will appear later. Jones did not quieten down for some hours; but, at midnight, when the provost sergeant visited the guard-room for a routine check-up, on entering the prisoner's cell he saw a foot disappearing through the ceiling.

"How extraordinary," said the President of the court-martial. "But where was the body?"

"Oh, on the other side of the ceiling," replied the provost sergeant.

Jones spent a good hour on the roof, then came down to earth apologizing profusely.

Jones, with that volatile ingredient of Irish birth plus Welsh upbringing, had adopted the grievances of the Irish and Welsh nationalists as his own. In his cups, he was most abusive of the English, and called them oppressors, the court was told.

"He began reciting lines from a poem about the Irish, and said he would hand over his boots and kit if I (said the provost sergeant) would let the little people go free — the little people from whom the English got their land."

The provost sergeant wasn't sure whether or not Jones meant the leprecauns.

The defending officer queried: "You as good as promised him the Irish nation if he gave you his boots and kit, didn't you?"

Provost sergeant: "I promised to let the little people out — they may have been Irish or anything else."

Incidentally, the intoxicating qualities of the cider came into question at one stage. The provost sergeant

told the court he didn't think Jones was drunk, but was merely putting on an act.

Court sent for a sample bottle from the Naafi. It bore a label, "Real Somerset Cider."

The Naafi manageress said she did not know if it was alcoholic or not; but it made Jones sing very loudly, and his language was such that she was obliged to go away.

Verdict: Six months' detention, subject to the usual confirmation.

So here we have instances involving a Scotsman, an Englishman and an Irish-Welshman, which, it is submitted, combine to prove the point that targets are higher.



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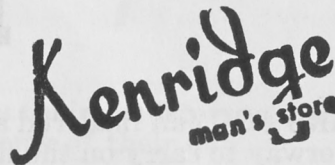
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# The Man Who Should Be Dead

**T**WELVE YEARS AGO Jan Baalsrud and three others returned to Norway to carry on the fight against the Nazis. Baalsrud alone escaped when the group was betrayed to the Gestapo. He made for the Swedish frontier, helped by villagers who found him snow-blind and unconscious high up in the mountains.

Jan Baalsrud, the man-who-should-be-dead, lay in a snow "grave" on a 3,000-foot-high plateau in Arctic Norway for 27 days, before rescue came. He had been hauled, bound to a stretcher, up the plateau by men from one village to meet men from another village.

A storm blew up; the rendezvous was not kept. His helpers put him in the lee of a rock and left him. It snowed heavily and soon he was in a "grave" three-feet deep, desperately ill, gangrene in both feet, unable to move his legs.

The full story of Jan Baalsrud's ordeal is told in "We Die Alone," by David Howarth, published by Collins, and chosen as the Book of the Month for May last, in England.

On the eve of publication, Baalsrud was interviewed by John Hall of the London DAILY MAIL. Here, in part, is what Baalsrud said:—

"By rights, I should have frozen to death, but my mind would not have it. I devised a routine . . . sleep for 15 minutes . . . wake up, do something . . . then another nap. I had tobacco and cigarette papers. I would spend half an hour preparing the tobacco, another half-hour to roll a cigarette, wait half an hour then slowly smoke the cigarette. I thought about my father whom I had not seen since 1941, and my brother, and my kid sister.

"I did not pray. I thought about it but, frankly, I have never been religious, and the more I thought about praying the more hypocritical it seemed to start then."

As he lay in his snow grave, he realized that something had gone wrong with the rescue plans. "My body gave up, but my mind did not." He looked at his feet and decided he must do something about his toes. "I felt I must make them bleed, give the blood a chance to get rid of the gangrene. I took my penknife, felt for the knuckles of each toe, and one by one cut them off. It took a long time. I felt better after doing it.

"Wolves were my greatest fear. They are fairly common in those regions, and as a small boy I was afraid of dogs.

"I was afraid they would smell me under the snow and attack me."

Sixty-one days after he had first swum ashore, the man-who-should-not-be-alive heard sounds. He opened his eyes to see two Lapps peering into his "grave." They pulled him out and, with reindeer milling around, bound him to a sled and started the journey to the frontier.

That night he heard shouting and arguing. One of the Lapps came to him, bent over. He was roaring drunk. The Lapps had been paid for the journey with tobacco and bottles of brandy; they were having a spree.

Next morning they were "daisy fresh" and started off again. Near the frontier they were hailed by a German patrol. Shots were fired at them. The Lapps stopped, hesitating. Sweden lay across a narrow lake, but the ice was beginning to melt. Desperate, Baalsrud pulled out his revolver and began shouting. The Lapps shouted and the cavalcade, reindeers and all, headed out across the ice—to freedom.

Jan Baalsrud lit another cigarette. "They passed me on to another Lapp, who took me to a Swedish frontier post. A message was sent to the Swedish Red Cross, and I was ferried down a river to where a plane was waiting. I was put into hospital, where I wrote my report. Later I got back to Britain.

"Just before the liberation of Norway I went back to the Tromso region, and I was there for the liberation. I telephoned my father. All he could say was: 'Have you got any tobacco?'"

He returned to England for demobilization, where he was awarded the M.B.E., and then went to the United States to study instrument-making. There he met and married his wife, Evie. "Last January I had my first real piece of bad luck. We had a little girl. She died when she was a week old."

Baalsrud lit another cigarette. "It took me a long time to make up my mind about telling this story. For one thing, I did not know it. It had to be pieced together with the aid of the people who helped me. Also I was scared of being boosted.

"There has been a flood of 'escape' stories, and some of them, I'm afraid, have been very much over-written. That is all very well in some places, but I could not afford to let it happen to me. Norway is a small country. Everything that happened to me is known to a lot of people; any over-playing, any 'build-up', would make me a laughing-stock and would be disastrous for my business."

Another cigarette. He laughed. "I get through about 30 a day. I have the doctor's permission. They have examined me thoroughly and say they can find no signs of permanent damage; apart from the toes, of course. But they say I must not put on weight and that it's better for me to smoke more and eat less.

"I feel no after-effects, and most of the memories have gone. I remember that Gestapo officer's face as he fell, and the horror of my comrades' bodies — little more. The war cost me good friends, and made me good friends. I nurse no bitterness. Bitterness poisons the mind, and what I went through taught me that the mind is supreme. An aggressive mind can make the body stand almost anything."

Baalsrud chuckled. "Going back to the doctors, while they cannot find anything wrong with me, they refuse to believe that I haven't knocked several years off my life. . . . They've told me not to expect to live to be very old. I'm not worrying about that. Death is nothing to worry about. It is friendly."



# Convention in Retrospect

TWO HUNDRED and thirty-seven delegates attended the 18th Biennial Convention of the Saskatchewan Command, Canadian Legion, B.E.S.L., held in Regina, August 22 - 23, 1955.

The number included 162 accredited delegates, 32 Zone Commanders, 11 Council Members, and 32 fraternal delegates including Dean J. O. Anderson, M.C., President, Dominion Command, Ottawa, C. C. Sparling, Q.C., from the Manitoba Command and W. Williams, from the Alberta Command.

The Ceremony of Remembrance, which is also a ceremony of rededication, was held in the Capitol Theatre on the Sunday evening preceding the Convention proper. The ceremony drew a capacity audience which observed the ritual with interest and reverence befitting the occasion. Thus, with tributes to the Valiant Dead, a resolution of loyalty to H.M. Queen Elizabeth II, and the formal opening, the stage was appropriately set for the 18th session of the provincial Veterans' Parliament.

Meeting in the magnificent setting of Regina's Legion Memorial Hall, the delegates began their deliberations, next morning, with the usual greetings, and the customary reports from Provincial President and Provincial Secretary, and on the major activities by Chairmen of the committees responsible therefor. Proceedings were interrupted for the ceremonial laying of the wreath at the Cenotaph. Following adjournment, everybody repaired to Hotel Saskatchewan for the Convention Dinner, held in the spacious Colonial Ballroom.

The dinner was, in the opinion of many, one of the most memorable in Legion history. All the addresses were singularly appropriate to an occasion important alike to the Province and to the Legion. For the occasion celebrated the Golden Jubilee of the creation of Saskatchewan as a Province of Canada, and also signaled the 30th Anniversary of the formation of the Canadian Legion. Furthermore, the delegates met in an atmosphere surcharged with emotion; in a mood of nostalgia and clairvoyance. Each felt that in this 50th Anniversary of the Province, they were participants in an historic event; that they were entering a new era of great promise and of great personal responsibility. Each sensed that in this, the 30th year of Legion activity, time had caught up with most of those who had carried the ball over the years; that the old order was in final process of giving place to the new. Transition was in the air; the Torch was passing from aging hands. And since the principal speakers dwelt largely on these related themes—related in time, at least—it can be said that their words carried a more potent and impressive message than any heard in many a long day at Legion gatherings.

It was a delight to hear Premier T. C. Douglas, responding to the toast to the Province of Saskatchewan, as he surveyed the past and projected the future in his own inimitable style, inspirational and informative. Paying tribute to the work of the pioneers, he reviewed developments past and present, then focused the spotlight of his eloquence on the great possibilities awaiting Saskatchewan if its citizens met the challenge

of the future as their predecessors had faced and overcome the problems of their day.

It was eminently fitting, too, that the toast to the Province should have been proposed by the Dominion President, Dean Anderson, long a resident of neighboring Manitoba. The Dean deftly yoked praise of the pioneers of the Province with felicitous references to the Old Boys of the Legion. He was extremely laudatory in his comments on the work and achievements of the Saskatchewan Ladies' Auxiliaries—remarks which, thoroughly deserved, were warmly appreciated.

And what could have been more apt than that, from G.W.V.A. and early Legion years, Major M. A. MacPherson, Q.C., should be called to propose the toast to The Legion? Rich in reminiscences, M. A. scanned the past and in impassioned appeal he exhorted the Legion steadfastly to support and exalt the great Commonwealth of which Canada is a part; a most timely exhortation, warmly received and loudly applauded.

What more fitting, also, than that the response to the toast should have been made by that great and revered Legion stalwart, that G.O.M. of Legion endeavor, that Elder Statesman and Wise Counsellor, Brig.-Gen. Alex Ross, C.M.G., D.S.O., V.D., Q.C.? A life of service to Crown, Country, Province, and to veterans and their dependants, lay back of his injunctions to the younger members.

These addresses, and the interludes during which honors were done the retiring President, Comrade A. C. Bole, the retiring (and nonpareil) Provincial Secretary, Comrade Len Chase, to retiring Comrade Dick Buckley, Provincial Treasurer, and to those whose names are inscribed on the 25-year membership roll, made the event outstanding and truly memorable.

With exception of those based on the reports of the Veterans' Crown Lands and National Housing Committees, the resolutions submitted for consideration and decision were largely of a routine nature, many of them of the hardy-annual variety. Much sympathy and lavish praise are due the Chairman and members of the Resolutions Committee, who were confronted with no easy task in trying to make the obscure clear and the chaotic coherent. More care should be expended in the drafting of resolutions to be submitted to Provincial and Dominion Conventions. A situation which may be clearly comprehended in the particular area affected, may neither be clear to, nor fully apprehended by, those remote from it. And since resolutions, when passed, must ultimately go to the officers and authorities concerned, it should be the duty of all proponents to see to it that their cases are clearly stated, their ideas unequivocally set forth. The proposed Branch Manual should contain sample forms of resolutions and amendments for the guidance of all members. It should contain a definition of what constitutes an amendment, and what does not. Too frequently, amendments moved at Branch and Zone meetings are, in fact, alternative propositions, difficult to cope with in the context, and not, strictly speaking, parliamentary in form.

(Continued on page 57)

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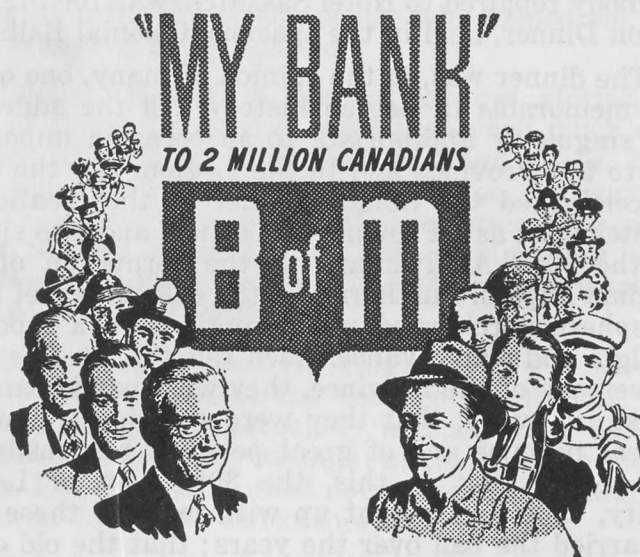
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## War Romance Washed Up

In the best romantic circles, they live happily ever after. That is, in the fairy tales.

The cynicism derives from the news that the most romantic marriage of the last decade has blown up — gone kaput.

The reference, of course, is not to one of Rita's or of the marrying Manville's. No. It's Odette's marriage; Mrs. Odette Churchill's. As Shakespeare said in another context, "'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

Odette is that George Cross heroine of the British Secret Service of wartime, who endured Gestapo tortures to save the life of Captain Peter Churchill, her O.C., whom she married after the war, when both returned from captivity. Now she is being sued by him for divorce. A sorry ending to a great romance.

French-born Odette, slim, attractive brunette, carries on her back the scars of the Gestapo's red-hot irons. When she persisted in her refusal to reveal the spying activities of Capt. Churchill, captured along with her and other secret agents, her torturers pulled out her toenails. She stayed silent.

Her courage and her escapes on important spying missions in war-bound France became known to millions of people through the film, "Odette," with Anna Neagle in the title-role reliving her adventures.

Mrs. Churchill's career as a secret agent began when she saw an advertisement in a London paper, in 1942, asking for people with special knowledge of France to communicate with the Admiralty.

Odette — then Mrs. Sansom, with three small children — answered the ad., was interviewed, accepted, and sent to a school for spies. She landed at Marseilles in November, 1942, in a fishing smack, and reported to a man with the code name of Raoul. His real name was Peter Churchill. She worked with him two years for the French Resistance. Then both were captured.

When arrested she contrived to speak to Capt. Churchill on the way to jail. For mutual protection they agreed to maintain that they were married.

"She adhered to this story," said the G.C. citation. "She drew Gestapo attention from her C.O. and on to herself, saying that he had come to France only on her insistence."

Odette was sent to the notorious Ravensbruck concentration camp. She escaped by snatching the commandant's revolver, and forcing him to drive her to the American lines. Capt. Churchill was freed two days later. Odette's first marriage was dissolved, and the two were married in February, 1947. And now (alas!) the romance is over. A sorry ending, indeed.

George Burns was chiding Harry Morton, his next-door neighbor, on his TV programme recently.

"Why don't you tell your wife you want to go fishing? What are you — a man or a mouse?"

"A man, I guess," answered Morton. "She's afraid of mice."

## Waggle o' the Kilt

Leningrad has had many shocks in its history, but never one of the kind it experienced this past summer, when the Iron curtain was raised to admit groups of tourists from the British Isles to the U.S.S.R.

In the first group of tourists was Jimmy Swan, Dumfries newsagent, a Scot of individuality and no small pride in his native land. Jimmy insisted on wearing his kilt. "If the Russians are going to see a Scotsman," he said, "let them see a real one."

So, in his Leslie clan kilt and tie, heather-colored cutaway jacket and (of course) his sporran, he stalked down the main streets of Leningrad, and literally stopped the traffic. He created a real sensation, according to London newspapers. He was the talk of the town; except in picture books, the Russians never had seen the like before. Said the DAILY MAIL:

"Workmen on nearby buildings downed tools for a closer look. Traffic in Nevsky Prospect came almost to a stop. Policemen did not know what to do." Everybody stared — some in wonder and sheer amazement, some (alas!) in giggling amusement, and some (the more intelligent, presumably) in admiration. But nothing deterred Jimmy. On he marched, shaking hands with everyone in sight, and the people crowded 'round him in their hundreds.

"For two weeks the first British visitors have caused a stir everywhere they went in Russia," wrote one reporter with the party; "but it was nothing to the commotion caused by this one Scotsman, this morning."

Someone should have tipped off Lester Pearson to don a kilt for his Moscow visit.

---

"Where do bad little girlyies go?" asked the parent, as prelude to a homily on his daughter's misbehavior.

"Everywhere," she replied.

★

"I trust," said the employee, "that now I have proved my capabilities, you'll pay me what I'm worth."

"Oh, I couldn't do that," exclaimed the boss. "You've got to live, haven't you?"

★

"Hey, waitress! This egg smells. It's rotten."

"Listen, Mac. Don't take it out on me. I only laid the table."

★

He constantly overslept and arrived late at the office, so he consulted his doctor. The doctor gave him a pill guaranteed to make him sleep and to banish his morning desire to stay in bed.

He awoke even before the alarm had gone off, arrived at work ahead of time, and cheerfully reported to his boss.

"That pill was wonderful," he said. "I slept like a log and here I am, first in."

"Great," said the boss, "but what happened to you yesterday?"

## It's a Blonde

Britain launched its first peroxide-propelled submarine, earlier last year. The submarine (the Explorer) is now believed to be the world's fastest.

The story behind the launching is an intriguing one, for the craft was built because the British found a brand-new peroxide-driven German U-boat buried in the mud in Cuxhaven harbor. The Germans had tried to blow it up to hide the secret of its propulsion mechanism. It was a toss-up whether the Russians or the British got the secret first.

"When I arrived to collect the U-boat," said Lieut.-Commander John Harvey, R.N., in an interview, "I found her quite uninhabitable. She had been scuttled and was full of mud. We had to work at top speed before the Russians got there. Later we formally notified them about it, but it was important to get possession of it first.

Commander Harvey commandeered stores, requisitioned a German tug captained by an old German merchant seaman, and took the U-boat in tow. In the middle of the North Sea the tow-rope broke. "Up to that time we had been rather worried by a ferocious-looking German bos'n on the tug. He carried a knife between his teeth and did his work barefooted. When the tow-rope parted the bos'n swam over and, single-handed, hooked wire 'round the conning tower to save the situation.

"Meanwhile, the old German tugmaster, although he hadn't been to sea for years, did very well in the minefields. When we put in at Illingham (near Hull) the bos'n began shouting and gesticulating. Through an interpreter he conveyed to us that before the war he had had a girl friend there."

Harvey said that when British experts looked into the German submarine situation they found elaborate plans for turning out the peroxide U-boat in large numbers.

"If the war had gone on another year, we should have had packs of these peroxide craft after our shipping. They were faster in attack and, because of the peroxide system, able to stay under water indefinitely. Unlike the snorkel, they leave no trace as they go through the water."

Tom took his girl to lunch. While they were dining, she discovered a fly in the soup.

"Waiter," she said, "remove this insect."

They threw Tom down two flights of stairs.

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*Yvonne, of Course*

# Mille de Bully-Grenay

by V. Gill  
Naicam Branch

WHEN THE 1st Canadian Division in World War I moved from the trenches in the Hill 70 sector and into billets in the Bully-Grenay-Maroc area, it brought a much-needed rest. Fighting had been heavy around Hill 70. We were in happy mood at being relieved, and proceeded to make ourselves comfortable with what meagre facilities we had.

In the village of Maroc the only billets available were the cellars of houses which had been reduced to rubble by shellfire in 1915 during the Battle of Loos. In Bully-Grenay, however, the buildings were virtually intact, having suffered only slight damage. French civilians still lived there, and the numerous estaminets were doing a roaring business in vins, bieres and other questionable thirst quenchers. Most of the troops when off duty frequented those bistros; there was not much else by way of entertainment available.

Some of us had previously been in the area and had got to know a few of the mesdemoiselles; so it was not any surprise when my pal, Joe Mawson, said to me: "Bill, let's go into Bully-Grenay, and I'll introduce you to a nice petite mam'selle, Yvonne."

"Pas necessaire, Joe. I already know the wench. And you'd better look out. There's a Scotty from the 16th Battalion, Jock MacTavish, who calls her *his* girl and . . ." (I paused dramatically) "I'm told he has a beastly temper, ready to fight at the drop of a hat any competitor for her affections."

Joe gave this serious thought. Then, sharply: "What kind of a guy is this MacTavish—small, medium or large?"

"Look, chum," I said, impressively, "he's one of the biggest Scotsmen I've ever seen. Over six feet, weighs around 200, has hands like hams and—wagging that kilt he looks magnificent. You haven't a chance. Steer clear of Yvonne, my budding Romeo."

Joe slumped into an apparent coma, though it could have been that he was merely concentrating. Suddenly, he grabbed my arm and said: "I've got it figured out, Bill. Come on. Let's go into Bully-Grenay anyway, and carry out a military reconnaissance. If you see MacTavish, point him out to me and I'll give him the once-over. Maybe I can soften him up some, then go to work on him later."

Doubtfully, I shook my head, but off we set for Bully-Grenay and the source of Joe's attraction. Yvonne was behind the bar serving that war-time beer more famous for its diuretic than its exhilarating qualities. Joe, bold as brass, went behind the bar and gave the girl a couple of pats on the rump, with a cheery "Bon soir, Yvonne!"

Amazed at his audacity, I fully expected the girl to biff him with a beer bottle. Nothing doing. Instead, she turned around, seemed a little surprised at the familiarity of this newcomer, giggled a bit and, with a saucy wink, ejaculated the customary "Ooo-la-la!"

Joe, visibly encouraged by this apparent acceptance of his crude advance, seemed about to enfold Yvonne in a tender embrace, when through the far door stalked the feared figure of MacTavish. He seemed in an ugly mood, though as yet unaware of the developing love-scene behind the bar.

The situation called for action, pronto. Now, in a crisis, such brain as I possess seldom if ever reacts quickly. This time, however, in face of the impending tragedy, Providence intervened miraculously. Grabbing Joe by the shoulders, I steered him through the crowd, pushed him out the rear door and into the alley. There we went into conference—or, more accurately, altercation; for Joe was hurt and angered at the abrupt ending of his amorous deployment.

"Whaddya mean butting in, when I was all set?" he roared. "I can cut out MacTavish any time with Yvonne. Nothing to it."

I sensed the elements of Shakespearian tragedy in his unrequited yen for this girl. "Look, Romeo," I said. "Together we have endured the rigors of war, the horror of the battlefield, the stench of the war dead. Together we have shared meagre rations of bully beef and hard tack, the prolonged dietry of pork and beans, with an occasional indulgence in that culinary masterpiece, Macconachie's mulligan stew. We have kipped together in dugout dank and lousy, or in cellar crummy and crumbling. Together we have tasted the distractions and discomforts of a soldier's life, pursuing the multitudinous quarry by and with candle flame along the seams of underwear and trousers. We have shared our dollar-ten a day with grateful thanks to a generous government. Far be it from me, then, to spoil your fun for a mere whim. Danger threatened, my bocko; reprisals grim and painful. For that reason, I intervened. You silly chump, I gave you the bum's rush to save you from battery and mayhem. Come on, let's get out of here."

Joe grunted, subdued. He stifled a sob — or so I thought. I didn't get the full story of his reactions to my pleas. For just at that moment, a stir of excitement seemed to run through the town as battalion runners spread the word for all ranks of the Division to return to billets and await Orders.

Joe greeted these instructions with language terse but sulphurous, as he consigned all military Orders and the compilers thereof to perdition, in soldierly fashion.

"Back to the line, I suppose," he added morosely, "just as we were settling nicely into rest billets. It's always that way! Don't we ever get a decent rest? — or is it that they're short of men in Canada? I bet the government's still chewing the rag about conscription!"

"Easy does it, Joe," I soothed, "don't jump to conclusions. Maybe they're moving us out of these crummy cellars into more comfortable quarters at some chateau."

"Like hell," he grumbled.

"Maybe it's a pay parade—or a bath! Let's get back to Maroc and see what's doing."

We parted at the billet, Joe going into the "Y" canteen — to buy cigarettes, he said, just in case.

I began collecting my gear and was making good progress when interruption came in the clomp, clomp of ammunition boots descending the cellar steps. For a moment I thought it must be the orderly sergeant; but on turning my head I was shocked to see the stalwart figure of MacTavish blocking the doorway. He was obviously angry; his glare was malignant.

"You Bill Tompkins?" he snarled.

"Correct first time, old top." My calm words belied my alarm. "Bill Tompkins at your service."

"Wise guy, huh!" He drew himself up to full height, his cap almost raking the ceiling.

I let the implied insult pass.

"I'm looking for Joe Mawson," he growled. "I'm told he bunks with you. Where is he?"

"Search me," I said, with a shrug of the shoulders. "He was in Bully-Grenay, earlier on."

"I know that," he said. "But where is he now?"

MacTavish looked his scepticism when I said I didn't know, and I could discern a homicidal glint in his eyes. Pulling a "Y" envelope out of his pocket, he held it before my face. "Is that Mawson's writing?" he asked, venomously.

It was, but I didn't say so. Discretion was the better part of valor. "No," I lied, "absolutely not. I'd know his writing anywhere."

"Well, some swine—and I think his name's Mawson — dropped this letter at my billet, just a few minutes before I got there. It insults me, my girl, and my kilt." Then, banging his fist upon our makeshift table, he added, grimly: "I'll tear the blighter's liver out, if I get my hands on him." Lapsing into the doric as his anger grew apace: "His ain mither willna ken him when I get through wi' him."

"Read it," he shouted, thrusting the scrap of paper into my hand. "The dirty, lousy . . ."

I let the epithets pass unheeded, and read.

It was Joe's writing, all right. He must have written it in the "Y" and slipped it into Mac's billet immediately afterwards. I read — and it required all my will power to keep a serious face — will power, and not a little fear; the slightest semblance of a smile and I was for it. Suddenly, it occurred to me that I'd better get this awkward Scot out of the way before Joe returned. So, hastily thrusting the paper back upon MacTavish, with an expression of sympathy and an assurance of my appreciation of his anger over the indiscreet mis-sive, I edged him towards the stairway and out into the night. He left with a parting injunction to warn Mawson to stop fooling around with his girl.

The tension over, I felt at ease, and smiled a little as I strove to recall the closing verse of Joe's crude poetical effort:

"Yvonne's a comer, hurrah, hurrah!  
And Mac is a goner, cela, cela!  
Yvonne's a bit of a la-de-dah  
Foolin' with fellars behind the bar.  
Mac is a soldier man, ha, ha!  
He's gone on the kid with the ooo-la-lah;  
And his Christian name is John.  
He's one of those blighters who  
walk about  
Without any trousers on."

Strange how these incidents remain in the memory while experiences that are of the stuff of history fade and vanish. I saw the humour of the situation then; I see it now. But — and here's the rub! — I haven't the literary knack to bring out that humour on paper. Pity.

Sign on a lonely service station at the edge of the desert: "Don't ask us for information. If we knew anything, we wouldn't be here."

★

A weary commuter wired his boss: "Will not be at the office today. Am still not home yesterday."

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Of Places and People

# Mediterranean Memories

## Letters from an 8th Army M.O.

FOR FOUR WEEKS we had been training at Djidjilli in Algeria. This training was all in combined operations, so called because of the co-ordination of all three services. This training was imposed upon us as soon as we arrived from Enfidaville, and within 24 hours we found ourselves going out on an L.C.I. (Landing Craft Infantry). Those are mass-produced ships with four dungeons, i.e., passenger holds, and are, without doubt, the most unpleasant and uncomfortable of all sea-going craft. With unfailing regularity, every second day we embarked on these affairs and in the middle of the night we were landed on some impossible piece of land either with a cliff to climb or five or more feet of water to try to drown ourselves in. The men were excellent during those periods and took everything as part of the day's fun. When we were not doing this, we were doing toughening-up exercises with route marches during which we carried all Medical Equipment. We were loaded like camels.

I found a lot of interest in the training, however, as I was in sole charge of my party of three officers and 36 other rankers and I was at all Brigade Conferences, held by my old friend T. C. Rennie. I was, therefore, *au fait* with all working operations except the day and the place and saw it take shape before my eyes.

Afternoons were more or less free so I managed a short, daily dip in the Med.

We were lucky in our choice of L.C.I. Its number was 125 and we did all our training and the actual operations on the same ship so that the skipper and first officer and ourselves became good friends. So training continued until, as usual, we were all so browned off that we were itching to go, therefore, it was with pleasure that we learned that we were returning to the Sousse area. The journey there was uneventful and was from Djidjilli, Capallo, through the gorge to Setif—our first day's halt; and an evening in a French officers' club, Constantine, Ain Beida. Second day—Tebessa, Kasserine. Third day—Kairouan, Sousse. In this, our concentration area, we felt that we were at last getting near to the job.

### Malta, 1943

On the fifth July, 1943, we sailed from Sousse and our destination was hush-hush, until we sailed, when we realized that we were Malta-bound. There were at least 50 ships and I'm quite sure every man-jack felt we were in for a terrific bombing, but, although our journey took a whole night and day, we arrived at Valetta without seeing a single German plane or an Iti. That, we all felt sure, was a tremendous achievement.

My first impressions of Valetta are of a hill of houses overlooking the harbour, giving the appearance of houses built one on top of the other. There was not such a tremendous amount of bomb damage visible. The most striking thing was the quayside advertisements in English—a novel experience for us and one we had not had since Cape Town, almost exactly a year previously.

We were ushered on to buses and driven to a transit camp for the night and, wonder of wonders, provided with three bottles of beer each.

Next morning we were permitted to go out, but lights out was set for 11 p.m. Unfortunately, Maltese currency was required so I volunteered to change for all. Before we left, however, we were all paraded for a talk with Monty and at 10.30 he arrived and, once again, said just the right things. All he said, in fact, was: "You're looking well! There's lots of beer in town," and "I'll be seeing you all soon again." We were all clustered 'round his car as he spoke and there was little military parade in it at all. He was cheered as he left us.

After the parade I went into Selima, the neighbouring town to Valetta and, after standing in a queue for two hours managed to get the money changed. I then returned to camp and dished it out. I had met an officer, Frank Spaven by name, on the ship and he asked me to come with him to find a friend of his in the Ack Ack, whom he knew to be on the island. So, off we went and within an hour traced his friend and found that he would be in at 5 p.m. We spent the intervening two hours going by a gharrie from Valetta to Selima, and coming back by ferry. It was all very enjoyable, without being tiring.

At five o'clock, we returned to the Brigade H.Q. and there Spaven met his friend. We spent the rest of the evening blethering and drinking whisky till 1 a.m. A very pleasant pastime. So to camp and bed. Next day we waited till 2 p.m. before going down to this brigade and when we arrived there the Brigade Major, a Scotsman, suggested that we accompany him on a run around the island as he had some sites to visit. We jumped at the offer and spent a grand afternoon. We stopped for tea at an officer's club at St. Paul's Bay, so called because St. Paul was shipwrecked there. At the officers' club we were on the point of leaving when the Major in charge of it asked me, particularly, to sign the visitors' book as he wanted a name from the Highland Division in it. I duly wrote name, etc., and added HD. He was pleased as Punch.

On our return to Brigade H.Q. it was obvious that we were keeping people off their work, so we quietly withdrew to camp. The camp commandant then volunteered the information that there was a dance on at Rabat, four miles away. As he offered us transport as well, we jumped at the opportunity and off we went. It was an officers' dance to which everyone brought his own partner and was the most snobbish dance I had ever been at. I danced only one dance. There was one consolation; that was the bar, and I consoled myself quite well till transport came to take us back to camp.

Next morning, reveille 5.30, breakfast 6.30 and we were back on our ships by 8.30.

So ended our most pleasant stay on Malta Invicta G.C.

My final impressions were that it was an island where even breathing was an expensive hobby and where £1 was, in fact, worth 1/-. The towns of the island are small, but comparatively clean; the land is flat but poorly cultivated; the people are continental in their belief that everyone from Britain is a millionaire and will pay any amount of money without a murmur for no return. The roads are very narrow, with four-foot dry-stone dykes along both sides. The women are, I regret to say, not at all beautiful. Only two days before our arrival the R.C. Bishop had been annoyed, and had said so in the papers, at so many women bathing in scanty swim suits. The result was that on our arrival, they were bathing in frocks. I wondered at the time if this could possibly be a sarcastic retort.

So much for Malta. On the afternoon we set sail for Horrified, which was the code word for our unknown destination, "somewhere in Europe."

### Sicily Next

After sailing, our first action was to open sealed orders, which were to inform us of the place of invasion. There was little surprise when we found it was Sicily, but we anticipated no small amount of trouble before and while we were landing there. However, our minds were soon taken off that prospect when we cleared Malta and found a huge sea running and our L.C.I. behaving like a cork in the storm. Never could there have been worse invading weather and 90 per cent of the personnel settled down to ten hours' enjoyable seasickness. I myself, lay down immediately I felt the rolling and by not eating or drinking anything, managed to preserve my dignity. It was a dreadful crossing and I never wish to have it repeated.

Our feelings were not improved either, by the thought that at any moment bombs might be dropping around us. At 1 a.m., 10/7/43, I roused myself and went up on the bridge. It was pitch dark and overhead we heard our own bombers racing ahead to soften up the defences. Here and there in the distance, the darkness was broken by searchlights and tracers and once again I had that queer, sinking feeling as I wondered what kind of reception awaited us. The time crept quietly by, and just about 2.30 loud noises off, accompanied by flashes, showed us that the navy was sticking to its part of the bargain.

2.45 a.m. Zero hour. The assault boats would be landing now, but no shells whistling around our ears as we had expected. What is happening ashore? Has no one managed to land? Is everyone else lost? or drowned? You can imagine our thoughts. Still we go on slowly approaching the shore. We are due to land at 0315 hours, and at 0310 a machine-gun sweeps the decks, knocking several dents and holes in the ship's plates. Now the ramps are down and off we go. I was disgusted to find that we had about fifty feet of water to walk through to get ashore, and more disgusted than ever when I found it was five feet deep in places.

My semicircular canals had not, by this time, got used to dry land and I fell three times during that fifty feet, so I was like a drowned rat and a thoroughly bad-tempered one, too. The Spandau was still firing but no one was hurt and we were much too wet, miserable, and sick, to care.

A hundred yards farther on, I found the place I had chosen from air photographs for my A.D.S. and as we had no patients to tend, all my men were told to get into dry shorts and shirts. So we had landed almost unopposed in Europe on the extreme south-east point of Italy at Cap Passero, only a few hundred yards

(Continued on page 63)

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# Sandakan Death March

2,500 set out; 6 survived

TOWARDS THE END of World War II, when the tide was flowing strongly against the Japanese, their commander in Borneo decided to create what he hoped would be an escape route from much-bombed Sandakan to the west coast of the island. That was the origin of the Sandakan Death March which, lesser known than that other Death March in Malaya, has just been recalled to memory.

Two thousand Australian prisoners of war, and 500 British, all more or less debilitated, were set to build a road 120 miles long from Sandakan to Ranau. Only six Australians survived. Of the British none came back.

What has revived memories of this gruesome episode of the war in the Pacific is that a movement has been developed throughout Australia and the Islands to create a fitting memorial to those who perished along the route.

Chief proponent of the scheme is a Mr. G. S. Carter, acting President of the ex-Servicemen's Association of Brunei, a B.E.S.L. affiliate. Brunei is a British Protectorate adjacent to Borneo.

Mr. Carter conceived a striking idea which could take the form of a fitting memorial to these men. As they worked upon the terrible road, the prisoners must have had continually in view the majestic summit of Mt. Kinabalu, towering 13,500 feet above sea level. He hopes to see on this peak a beacon that would catch the rays of the rising and the setting sun, and beneath, a national park with the figure of a man in chains, his hands upraised toward the mountain top.

Mr. Carter develops this idea in THE BORNEO BULLETIN, from which the following is taken:

"Early in 1945 the Allied air offensive was being greatly stepped up in the Pacific area, and Borneo unfortunately came in for more than its fair share of attention from our own and American bombers.

"Sandakan was pulverized, rapidly becoming untenable, and the Japanese decided to build an escape route for themselves overland in the direction of the West Coast via Ranau. The country between Sandakan and Ranau traverses some treacherous malarial swamps before reaching the highland, and 2,000 Australian P.O.W.'s, with 500 British, already in the last stages of physical debilitation, were put to work to build a bridge path over the chosen route some 120 miles in length.

"I know this part of the country well from pre-war exploration days, and I have often pictured the agonies of those doomed men as they toiled under the lash of their cruel captors, dropping off one by one into the oblivion of death from disease, starvation, or enemy bayonet.

"As the ever-decreasing band of prisoners struggled on towards Ranau, the peaks of lovely Kinabalu, whose beauty no man can ignore, must have seemed in their tortured eyes a symbol of hope in God's creation; immortal, enduring beyond the tyranny and bestiality of man.

"A mere handful of this gallant company lived to reach Ranau; about 200 I think it was. Towards the end of the war Allied agents were operating behind the lines in Borneo and strenuous attempts were made to rescue any surviving P.O.W.'s. Contact was at last established in Ranau, but too late to help the victims of one of the most horrifying episodes of the entire Pacific war.

"Of the 200 or so men who survived to reach Ranau, most had been machine-gunned and only six men (now back in Australia) were rescued of the original 2,500 who set out upon this terrible march of death.

"I believe that in the world of tensions in which we live, where materialism and intrigue still survive to plague the endeavours of men of goodwill, it would be fitting to commemorate here in Borneo the sacrifice of those who have already laid down their lives in the cause of freedom. Where more fitting than at Ranau, set in country which holds much hope of development for the future, in the noble cause of advancement and ultimate self-determination for the indigenous peoples of Borneo?

"What I have in mind would be something along the following lines:

"Subscription lists could be opened which might perhaps attract the interest of local governments, as well as individuals who remember Australia with affection and gratitude for the part her soldiers played in the liberation of this territory.

"If sufficient money could be raised it might be possible, on the gracious rolling grasslands of Ranau, to create a national park incorporating, perhaps, a golf course, in the centre of which a memorial might be raised to the fallen. Of the memorial itself I would suggest a figure of man in bondage, hands raised in supplication to the mighty peaks of Kinabalu from which local Dusun legend has it that the spirits of the dead depart to the life hereafter.

"On one of the peaks of the mountain I would have a reflecting beacon that would catch the rays of the rising and setting sun when the mountain is usually at its most glorious; while the surrounding country lies still in the tranquillity of the new or departing day.

"Such a beacon besides acting as a symbol, could also serve a utilitarian purpose for the extension of the survey network of North Borneo, and perhaps even at some later stage in time, as aviation comes to play an ever-increasing part in development, an air navigation light and radio beacon might be installed to warn fliers of the dangers of the 13,500-foot peaks when obscured in the mists of cloud or night.

"I believe that if this were to capture the public imagination it would also be possible through the good offices of Ex-Services Associations, to interest Australia in a project which would be almost certain to find an appeal amongst both those who served in this theatre, and those who were bereaved by the tragedy of war."

Subsequently, Mr. Carter received encouraging support for his idea although, quite naturally, differences of opinion were expressed as to the details. He writes:

"Naturally, opinions are bound to differ on the form such a memorial should take and I agree that it should be something beneficial to all the peoples of Borneo, including Brunei and Sarawak, who, no less than North Borneo, are ready to acknowledge their debt of gratitude to the Liberation forces both within and without, who played their part in freeing the country from the enemy yoke.

"The theme I have been anxious to promote in this matter is unity of purpose throughout British Borneo, and the motive to be centred around Kinabalu. It is, in fact, the highest mountain in South-east Asia, if you exclude New Guinea.

"I would like to see my suggestion for the summit developed within the general scheme, but I am prepared to concede that the claims of T.B. sanatoria or agricultural stations (as part of a national memorial) may have priority over hill-stations. The latter would come at a later stage if the area were well sited.

"The main thing is that the idea seems to have found favor; it is too big for the individual to develop, apart from making whatever contribution may be within his means. The initiative now rests with local Government and I trust we may look forward to favorable official comment from all three territories.

"When passing through Sydney I took the opportunity to discuss the proposal with the Secretary of the Ex-Services Association and I expect to receive the official view of that influential body before long. The Ex-Services Association of Brunei would, I am sure, be prepared to give all possible support."

### ***Good Luck to the Legion***

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## Their "Trade" is Danger

"They deliberately choose a very dangerous profession," said Admiral Lord Mountbatten, Britain's First Sea Lord, with reference to those who man the submarines of the Royal Navy; for all members of H.M. Submarine Service are volunteers.

Earl Mountbatten made the comment immediately following the disastrous explosion of June 16th last, aboard H.M.S. Sidon.

At about the same time, the Canadian Parliament was discussing estimates of the Department of National Defence. In the course of the debate, one M.P. strongly advised the Minister and the Government not to start a submarine branch of the R.C.N., though (to his credit be it said) he was all in favor of the Navy getting operational training with subs lent by the British Navy.

One is constrained to ask the reason why Canada should have no submarines in an age when subs are becoming increasingly important as launching sites for guided missiles. Surely it is not because the submariner's profession is a dangerous one — too dangerous for valuable young Canadian lives to be exposed to its perils! What branch of the Armed Services is immune from danger, even in peace-time, in this era of thermo-nuclear weapons and supersonic flight?

Dangerous the submariner's profession undoubtedly is; but judging from British experience that is no deterrent to recruitment for it. The British Admiralty does not have to call for men to man submarines. There is always a queue — and it is not just because of the extra three bob a day a submariner gets.

The men call it "The Trade," and those who serve in it are too old at 28. Even in these days of electronic gadgets the job of the submariner is probably the most specialized in the Navy. In war-time their exploits are clothed in secrecy, and in peace-time little is heard of them unless a sub "snorts" its way across the Atlantic, or is in trouble.

It is forty years now since Rudyard Kipling wrote of his experiences in the early submarines operating in the Dardanelles in 1915, and, although techniques, speeds and constructions have changed, the Service still attracts the same type of men.

Danger is still the occupation of the submariner, even when his ship is lying moored alongside its parent. The advent of aircraft increased the dangers tremendously; yet if a chap wants to be a submariner in the R.N. he has still to take his turn. In fact it has been a never-ending queue ever since the first British submarine was commissioned in 1901.

Adventure and responsibility seem to be the two main attractions to the profession. Getting past the stiff medical test for service in subs is an adventure in itself. Long before the rigorous initial training period is over a man who has volunteered for "The Trade" is given a kindly chance to "back out" if he thinks he is unfit to carry on. But once having passed, very few officers or ratings leave the service. After five years in submarines, all R.N. submariners are required to do a spell of general service duty in surface ships, but in nine out of ten cases they return to "The Trade" and serve until age disqualifies them.

Apart from the physical hardship, the submariner must endure a great psychological strain, particularly in war-time, and only men with sound nerves, an even

temperament, and keen judgment are any good to "The Trade." It is said, authoritatively, that there are fewer breaches of discipline aboard subs than on any other ships of the Royal Navy. So it can't be too bad — though you may count the writer out of the queue!

—ex C.P.O., R.C.N.

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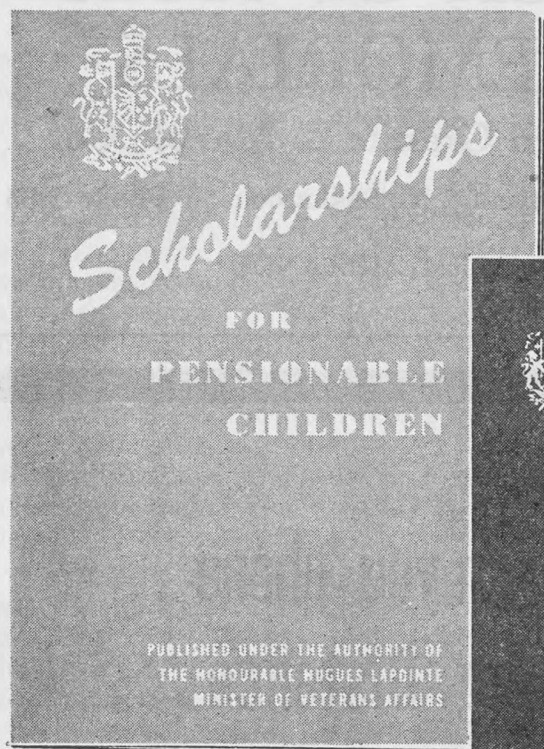
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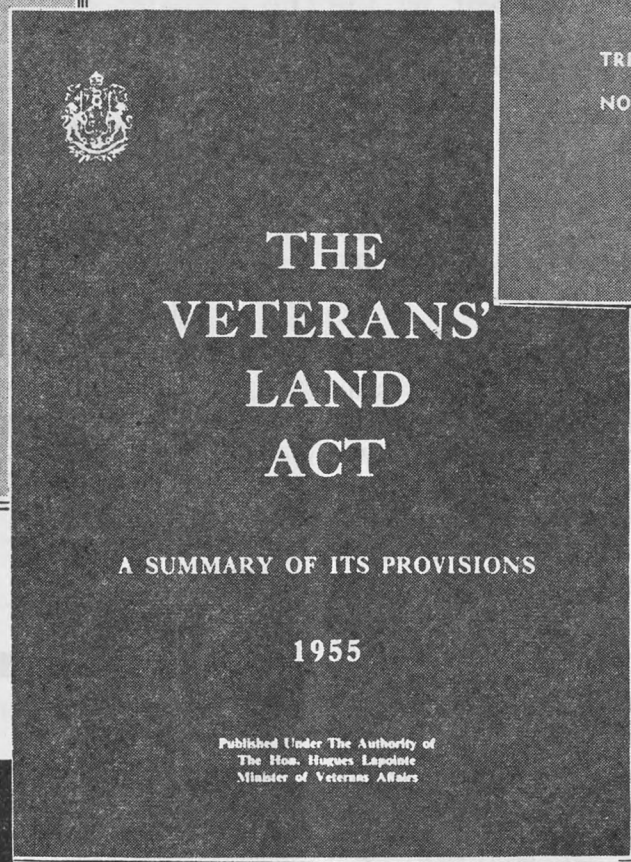
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• THE EDUCATION ASSISTANCE ACT

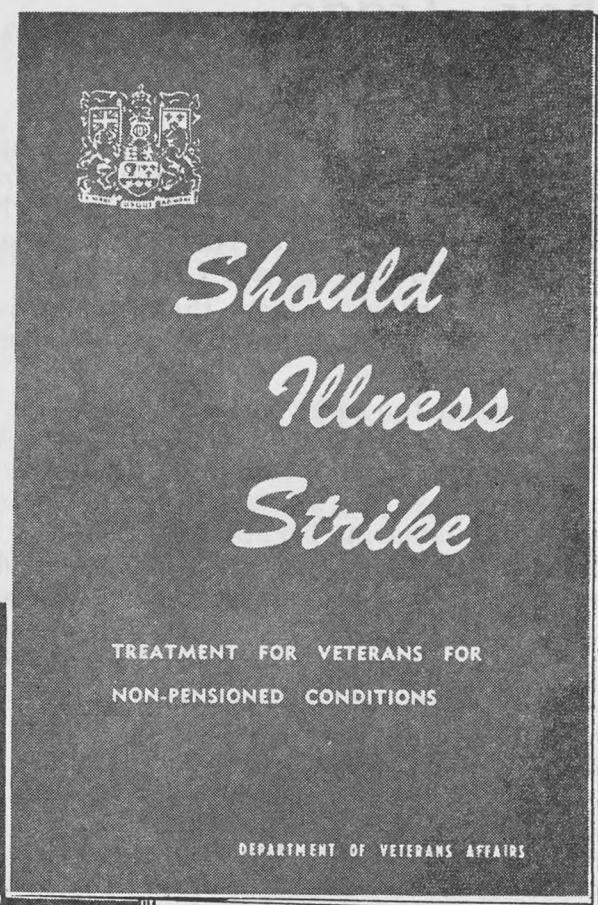
• THE WAR VETERANS' ALLOWANCE ACT



A SUMMARY OF ITS PROVISIONS

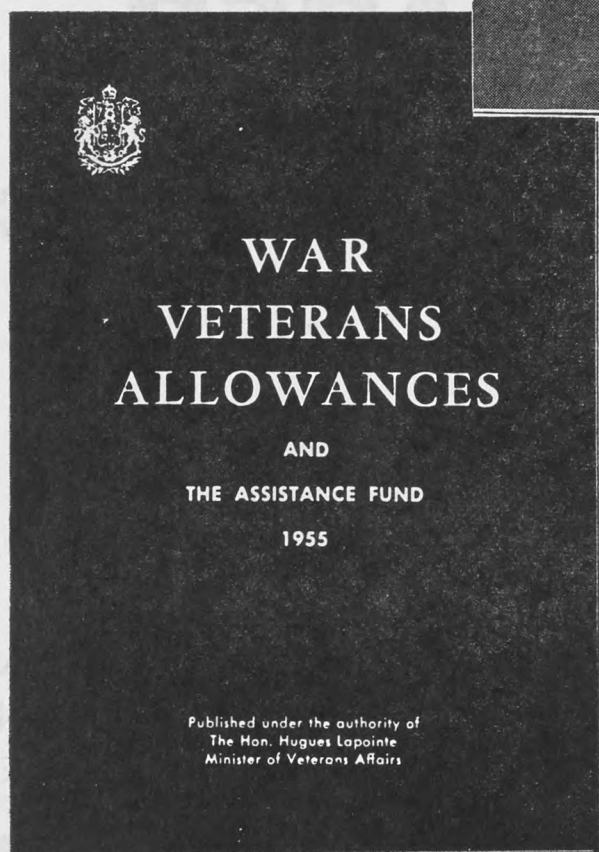
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Minister of Veterans Affairs



• TREATMENT FOR NON-PENSIONED CONDITIONS

• THE VETERANS' LAND ACT



WAR  
VETERANS  
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AND  
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1955

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MINISTER OF VETERANS AFFAIRS



# Contemporary Humor

"Should I take Junior to the zoo tomorrow?"  
 "If the zoo wants him, let 'em come and get him."

★

Hungry and exhausted, the big game hunter dropped his rifle, stumbled forward and threw his arms around the man who had just emerged from the jungle.

"Thank heaven," he cried with relief. "Rescued at last! I've been lost for two days."

"Oh, no!" cried the other. "I've been lost for a week!"

★

"Today," wrote the doctor, "this unpaid bill will be exactly one year old."

The patient returned it with the friendly notation, "Happy Birthday!"

★

A new recruit was haled before the C.O., charged with using insulting language to his sergeant.

"But, sir," he protested, "I was only answering a question!"

"What question?" snapped the C.O.

"Well, sir, the sergeant asked, 'What do you think I am?' and I told him."

★

Clerk of store to sweet young thing in form-fitting sweater: "Would you like to step outside and try it on for whistles before you decide?"

★

After looking up and down the crowded sidewalks of the large city, a little boy went up to a policeman standing on the corner and asked, "Did you happen to see a lady going by without me?"

★

The extraordinary story of how a man stranded in the Far East and short £500 of his fare back to his English home contrived to get the money, was told in the British House of Commons during a debate on world mutual aid, by Nigel Nicholson, M.P.

"The man," he said, "acquired for nothing 1,000 glass bottles and filled them with liquid containing some harmless coloring matter.

"Then he went around the local villages in China and asked in each if there were any expectant mothers in the village.

"He sold bottles to each expectant mother for £1 and told them it would ensure delivery of a son. If it was a daughter he would return their money.

"Their babies were born, 500 boys and 500 girls.

"He returned £500 to the mothers who had given birth to daughters, and kept the remaining £500 which sufficed to pay his passage home."

A Detroit firm is offering a phonograph-type warning system which can be built into a car.

At 50 miles per hour, a voice warns: "You are going too fast for town, I hope you are in the country." At 75 miles per hour the voice says: "You might lose control. Are your brakes O.K.?" At 90 miles per hour the record simply asks: "Have you paid up your life insurance?"

★

Silly of the Week: Sir Galahad jumped off his horse and ran into the inn. "I have a message for the King," he told the innkeeper. "My mount is tired and spent. Can you lend me a horse?"

"I have no horse," replied the man, but he pointed to a huge dog. "This is the only animal I possess."

"Very well — I'll take him."

"Oh, sir," cried the innkeeper. "I wouldn't send a knight out on a dog like this!"

★

In Hollywood, Bing Crosby is alleged to have told Danny Kaye and Rosemary Cooney the saga of a local lush who complained of headaches and moody spells.

"It's very simple," his doctor told him. "You've got to cut down on your drinking."

The relieved patient headed for the nearest bar. But instead of ordering "Four Roses" — he switched to "Three Feathers!"

★

The story was told when coffee prices reached astronomical heights, about a youngster digging in a vacant lot who unearthed a coffee can containing five thousand dollars. He ran home screaming, "Mama, mama, look what I found!" His mother opened the can, counted the money, and then cuffed the kid soundly on the ear, saying: "What did you do with the coffee?"

★

In a debate in the British House of Commons, a Laborite was defending the National Health Programme and was being heckled by well-trained Tories. As he expounded the benefits of government medicine, he boomed: "Why, in Britain today we have more bonny babies than ever before. And why . . .?"

Before he could answer his rhetorical question, one disrespectful heckler shouted, "Private enterprise."

★

That old wager — dollars to doughnuts — seems right now a pretty even bet.

★

A man in a restaurant complained to the waiter: "I don't like all the flies in here."

"Very well, sir," the waiter said, helpfully, "just point out the ones you dislike and I'll put them out."

# THE PEOPLE THAT Prosperity FORGOT



## An Excerpt from an 18th Century Will

"I who have much own it not,  
but hold it in trust for mankind.  
Every man is my father, every  
child my son; to these needy I  
stretch my hand, that the young  
may find hope, the sick compas-  
sion, the aged dignity, and I may  
know peace now and God's mercy  
in the life to come."

## *"Man's Inhumanity to Man Makes Countless Thousands Mourn"*

---Robert Burns

Let us be charitable in thought, speech and action, that our deeds may not sting and hurt. Let our own well-being keep us ever mindful of the miseries of others, giving where it is sorely needed without grumbling. Let us help rather than hinder that we, too, may be uplifted, for it's far better to give than to receive. It is an unwritten article of faith among Canadians that people never starve in Canada any more. There are many organizations backed by big-hearted men and women who give freely of their time and talents, to see that food, fuel, shelter and covering are available to the needy and impoverished. They need your monetary help to carry on. Minimal, marginal existence can be pretty tough. Kids — and grown-ups, too — can be starved for laughter, music, color kindness and opportunity, as well as for bread. In every way, and every day, there is something YOU can do to serve. Will you do it?

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## Humor—Continued

"Where's Henry?" asked the neighbour boy. "I'm not sure," replied Henry's mother. "If the ice is as thick as he thinks it is, he's skating. If it's as thin as I think it is, he's swimming."

★

After the race the owner was giving the jockey a piece of his mind. "A fine jockey you are," he said. "I distinctly told you to come away with a rush at the bend. Why didn't you?"

"Well," retorted the jockey, tartly, "it didn't seem quite sporting to leave the horse behind."

—ARGOSY, London.

★

An old-fashioned girl blushes when she is embarrassed, but a modern girl is embarrassed when she blushes.

— ★ —

The British Army manual for servicing 15-pounder guns was revised after the showing of a training film revealed that Gunner No. 6 stood smartly to attention throughout the whole exercise without performing a single operation.

After lengthy enquiries puzzled staff officers finally found a veteran of the Boer War who could explain the functions of G-6. He remembered that G-6 at that time used to hold the horses.

★

After the sailor had been marooned on a desert island for a long, long time his eyes popped out one morning to see a young woman floating ashore, clinging to a barrel.

"How long have you been here, sailor?" she asked, as she walked up the beach.

"Nearly ten years."

"Then you must be pretty glad to see me."

"Gosh!" he answered, "don't tell me you've got beer in that barrel!"

★

A schoolboy who was asked to define anatomy wrote his answer as follows:

"Anatomy is the human body, which consists of three parts, the head, the chest and the stummick. The head contains the eyes and brains, if any. The chest contains the lungs and a piece of liver. The stummick is devoted to the bowels, of which there are five, a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes y and w."

★

Experience teaches that a flood is a river that has grown too big for its bridges.

— ★ —

Wife (seeking divorce): "My husband never thinks of anything but horse racing. That's all he talks about. From morning to night it's horses, horses, horses. Why he cannot even remember the date of our wedding."

Husband: "That's a lie, your Honor. We were married on the day Citation won the Kentucky Derby."

An admiral was conducting an examination for the Navy. To one of the candidates he said:

"Now, my lad, who, in your opinion, were the greatest sailors in the history of the world?"

For a moment the young man looked puzzled, then his face lit up.

"I'm sorry, sir," he replied, "but I didn't catch your name when I entered, but the other two are Nelson and Beatty."

★

A boy's voice changes at adolescence; a girl's when she answers the phone.

★

Rifle Instructor: "Son, where the blazes are your shots going?"

Rookie: "Search me, Sergeant. They're leaving this end all right."

— ★ —

Orderly Officer (examining contents of dixie): "What's the matter with this. What's the complaint. It's excellent soup."

Militiaman: "Yes, sir, But the cook says it's stew."

— ★ —

Widow (at seance): "Is that you, Harry?"

Spirit: "Yes."

Widow: "Are you happy?"

Spirit: "Very happy."

Widow: "Happier than you were in the army?"

Spirit: "Much happier."

Widow: "Happier than you were with me?"

Spirit: "Much happier."

Widow: "Heaven must be a wonderful place, Harry."

Spirit: "I ain't in Heaven."

— ★ —

The young mother was taking every precaution to insure a sanitary upbringing for her firstborn. Until he was three months old all visitors had to wear gauze masks. One day, greatly perturbed, she said to her husband: "Junior seems to be cutting a tooth, and I suppose I should find out about it. But how?"

"Well," suggested the husband, "my mother used to put her finger in the baby's mouth and . . ."

Noticing the horrified expression on his wife's face, he hastily added: "Oh, of course, you boil the finger first."

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# Saskatchewan's Memorial Shrine

by Austin Hunt  
Chairman, Memorial Committee

**R**EGINA'S MEMORIAL HALL, home of No. 1 Branch and headquarters of Provincial Command, is fast becoming the shrine its founders intended it to be.

A noble shrine it is, dedicated to the memory of Saskatchewan's sons and daughters who died in service of their country; a worthy shrine, inspiring reverence and promoting reflective thought of the sacrifices made in the cause of Freedom.

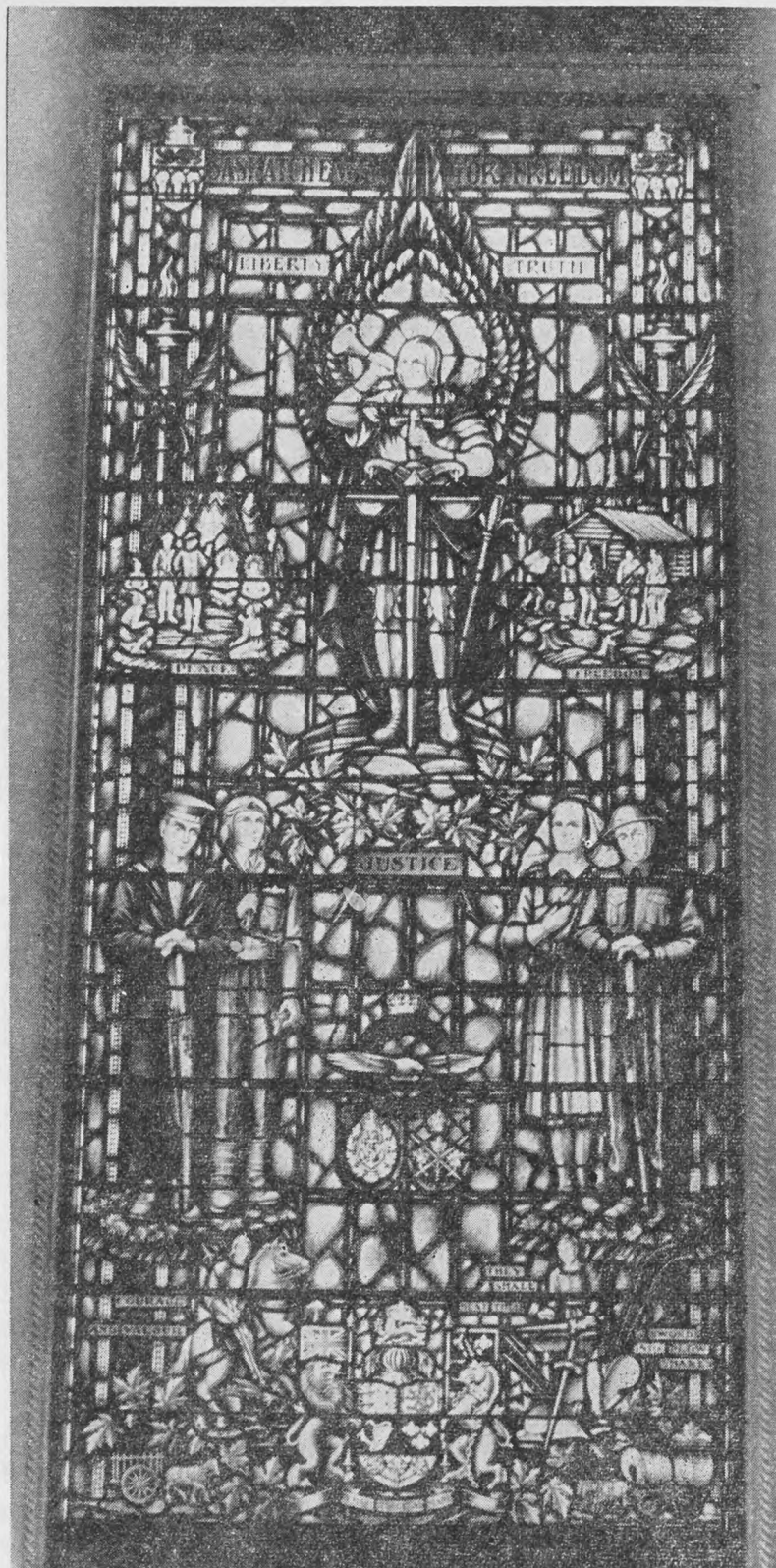
The entrance hall, the foyer and the small ante-rooms off it fronting Cornwall Street, have been transformed by skilled and reverent hands into a "Peace Tower" with its attendant chapels, containing a Cross of Sacrifice donated by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Regina Branch, Books of Remembrance for World War I and for World War II and Korea, with their roster of the Valiant Dead. Chapels and tower are decorated by five of the finest stained-glass windows in Canada.

The windows were unveiled on May 14, 1955, by His Excellency the Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey, Governor-General of Canada, in a solemn and impressive ceremony. The large window over the main entrance — the Peace Tower window — was donated by the Government on behalf of the people of Saskatchewan, and was handed over by the Hon. C. M. Fines, Provincial Treasurer. The window bears the legend "Saskatchewan for Freedom," and has as centrepiece a figure of Michael the Archangel with the words "Liberty", "Justice", "Truth". On one side of the figure is "Peace" symbolized by the meeting of the first white soldiers with the Indians; on the other side is "Freedom", symbolized by a Trading Post scene. Below are depicted figures representing the Navy and Air Force on one side, the Army and Nursing Sisters on the other, with crests of the three services in the centre. "Courage and Valour" are represented by St. George slaying the dragon, and on the other by a blacksmith beating swords into plowshares, both linked by the Canadian Coat of Arms. Below is seen the Red River cart of the pioneers, and a Covered Wagon, intertwined with maple leaves.

The four smaller windows, uniform in design, each displays as centrepiece the crest of the organization which donated it, with at base an appropriate quotation. Donors and quotations follow:—

1. Saskatchewan Command, Canadian Legion, B.E.S.L.: "Awake Remembrance of the Valiant Dead";
2. United Services Institute: "They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old";
3. Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire: "We will remember Them";
4. Silver Cross Remembrance Association: "In loving Memory".

In addition to the stained glass windows, Cross of Sacrifice, matching stands of Tyndall stone, and Books of Remembrance, the memorial wing displays a series of appropriate murals. As this is written, work has been commenced on the fifth of the eight murals. Ken Lockhead, Director of Art at Regina College, was



THE "PEACE TOWER" WINDOW

The beautiful and impressive stained-glass window donated by the Government of Saskatchewan on behalf of the people of the province to Saskatchewan's Memorial Shrine, Regina.

selected for the commission as a result of a design competition that was open to all Saskatchewan artists. The Provincial Ladies' Auxiliary agreed to assume the cost of the murals (which is substantial), and the various Auxiliaries in the Province are being invited to



contribute thereto. The Memorial Committee are indeed indebted to the Ladies for this outstanding contribution towards the completion of the memorial wing.

The panels when completed may be described, briefly, as follows:

1. Entrance wall to Trophy Room: Subject to infer humility to those victors of all wars represented on the walls—in the Riel Rebellion, South African War, First and Second World War panels.

2. South end wall: Subject represents both sides in the North-west Rebellion; the opening of the west and, in particular, the Province of Saskatchewan.

3. The subject of the South African War shows men of the famous Canadian Roughriders as well as the 5th Royal Scots, Artillery and Infantry. A vista of the surroundings at Cape Town, South Africa, and Navy Transport form the background.

4. Entrance wall to the Auditorium: This wall is designed on the theme, "Lest We Forget", which relates to the Memorial Hall and its purpose. The three Armed Services are represented, together with the Next of Kin. An imaginative military prairie burial ground leads up to and surrounds the group of figures. The time of year is fall, to be in keeping with Remembrance Day.

5. The First World War panel: This wall includes representation of the three Armed Services. An attempt is made to indicate the proportion of men involved in the war from each of the Services. The background includes a sea vista and a setting of ruins.

6. The Second World War and the Korean War are combined on the North Wall. As on the First World War panel, the three Armed Services are represented,



One of the eight murals gracing the walls of the Memorial Wing of Regina's Legion Hall. Generously donated by the Ladies' Auxiliaries, the paintings are the work of Ken. Lockhead, Director of the School of Fine Arts, Regina College.

including the Women's Sections. The mechanization involved in this war is accented and contrasted with the earlier wars in which horses were employed. The Korean War is represented by an officer holding a map of Korea.

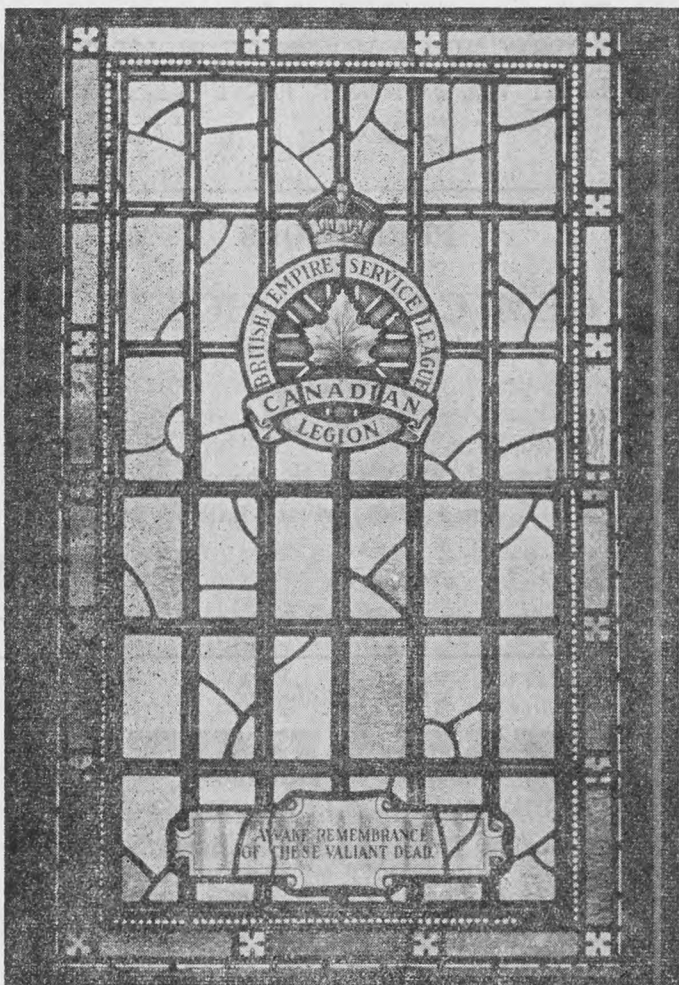
7. This wall is devoted to the Shrine. A tribute to the fallen Comrades is made through the playing of Taps at a Flanders' Field Burial at the end of the First World War.

8. "That all was not in Vain", is selected as the theme for the concluding exit wall. The Peace is illustrated through the portrayal of men, women and children at the time of Thanksgiving on the Prairie, and the role of the Legion Member in the building of an everlasting peace.

The areas surrounding the mural sections are painted with a flat oil paint of warm gray. The circle decor on the ceiling is of navy blue with white trim.

Egg tempera medium is being used on the murals proper. This medium is one of the oldest mediums used by man. It is more permanent than oil and does not yellow as is customary with most oils.

As far as we know, the murals when completed will be the only ones of their kind on the continent. Once again the Legion in Saskatchewan have cause to be proud of the efforts of their Ladies' Auxiliary.



Typical of the four ancillary windows in Saskatchewan's Memorial Shrine is that shown above, the gift of Saskatchewan Command, Canadian Legion.

The patient complained bitterly, "Five dollars is an awful lot of money for pulling a tooth — just two seconds' work."

"Well," replied the dentist reflectively, "if you wish, I can pull it very slowly."



## Misuse of Flag

Honor the flag! At the moment, our national flag is the Union Jack. Whatever it be — the Jack, or the distinctive Canadian flag for which there is some clamor — it should be used correctly, and treated with some degree of respect.

These thoughts are stimulated by an article from *MURRI*, the magazine produced by the Victoria Branch, Returned Services League of Australia, which in turn was inspired by the varied treatment accorded the flag during the Royal Visit to Australia.

Since strange misuses of the flag occur in Saskatchewan—even in some Legion branches—the article from *MURRI* is worth reproducing. Here it is:

"Several branches had to correct the flying of flags by their loyal citizens, and even by their municipal offices last month (March, 1954). The Royal Visit highlighted the need for definite instructions to be given to the community in the correct use of flags.

"In one area the Union Jack, used for draping a table, had later to be sent to the dry cleaners because the speaker had toppled a glass of water over it and the stain from the table had colored the flag.

"In another instance, the Australian flag and the Union Jack were flying on the one mast, with the Jack on top. As the flying of a flag under another on the same pole indicates surrender (of the bottom to the top) a second pole was quickly obtained.

"The need for inculcating a healthy respect for the Union Jack and for the Australian Ensign is being more appreciated, mainly because of the influence of R.S.L. branches. Too many organizations use the flags purely for brightening up a hall or for covering an unsightly table.

"If there is anything in tradition to be fostered it is the duty of returned Servicemen to do the fostering, and to correct mistakes where they occur.

"Perhaps the most common mistake during the Royal Tour was the flying of the Union Jack upside down — a sign of distress.

"In another instance, the Union Jack was used to drape the Chairman's table and its ends lay on the ground, liable to be trod on by anyone coming near to the table to speak to the Chairman.

"Apart from the fact that it is bad economy to have an expensive flag subject to damage on the ground, it is utterly wrong for the flag to be on the ground at all. It should never be placed where something else can be put on it — jug, glasses, goods or boots.

"In one area a flag was flown after sunset and was not taken down until about 10 o'clock, probably just before the caretaker went to bed. The flag should always, of course, come down at sunset and go up again as soon as possible after sunrise. This sunset rule, of course, does not apply to flags flying within buildings.

"Whenever League officers found the flag displayed improperly, they got in touch immediately with the proper authority and had a correction made. In some instances the Union Jack was flown on the Chairman's left instead of on his right—another frequent error.

"When conditions ease at League headquarters and there are not so many things shrieking out to be done, time will be given to preparing a booklet on the use of

flags so that R.S.L. officers may be helped in checking errors by private citizens, firms and public bodies.

"A branch query last month concerned what flag should be used in the burial ritual. The Executive has ruled that the flag should be the Union Jack. The ruling has stood unchallenged, because the returned man joined to serve under his Sovereign and not Australia alone; his service was for the Commonwealth and Empire of which the Union Jack is the emblem . . ."

From there the article goes on to say that, with the growth in the use of flags, it was likely that the League itself would go into the business of purchasing flags, in bulk, for distribution amongst branches.

## Lest We Forget

Lest we forget the debt we owe,  
For the precious freedom that we know,  
To those who made the sacrifice,  
And gave their all, their youth and life.  
Lest we forget the distant lands,  
Where the long rows of crosses stand.

Lest we forget through passing years,  
The broken hearts, the bitter tears  
Of those who lost a girl, or lad,  
A husband, sweetheart, or a dad.  
Lest we forget the hearts that mourn  
Their loved ones who did not return.

The years roll on, and memories fade  
As the sunset dims a highland glade,  
As a rosy sky at close of day  
They seem to slowly fade away.  
LORD GOD OF HOSTS BE WITH US YET  
LEST WE FORGET, LEST WE FORGET!

—MARTIN LINDEN, *Naicam Branch*.

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## Hodgeville Branch Shows the Way

HATS OFF to the Hodgeville Branch of the Saskatchewan Command for its initiative and for the warm sympathy which prompted its humane action.

Hats off to the Hodgeville Branch for an outstanding and exemplary application of its Poppy Fund!

Here is the story as told in "Lest We Forget," published by Dominion Command in aid of the National Poppy Campaign, in August, 1955:—

Somewhere in a small Canadian village an 11-year-old girl is living on borrowed time. She got a new lease on life recently, but it was a short one. Yet her parents are grateful for the additional five, seven or maybe eight years which Kathie has to live. They are also grateful to the Canadian Legion Poppy Fund.

"If Kathie's story will help the sale of poppies in any way, please feel free to use all of it," her father, a Lutheran minister, recently told the Legion. "Perhaps if the people know where the poppy funds are going it will help the Legion help other Kathies," he added.

Kathie has been sickly for most of her 11 years. Although she was receiving treatments for a coeliac condition, her case was not definitely diagnosed until a year ago. At that time her father took her to a local doctor, pointing out that Kathie was not responding to treatments or improving as she grew older.

A thorough examination suggested bronchiectasis of the lungs. The doctor referred the child to a specialist in the city. The specialist confirmed the diagnosis. But he also discovered that Kathie was suffering from a disease of the pancreas. Together, these two diseases are fatal.

In fact, it was felt that Kathie—being 11 years old—was making medical history. Most known cases seldom lived past infancy, according to the specialist. Hopelessly, the father brought the child home to await the inevitable.

The 300 residents of the community waited with the parents, conscious of their inability to help. Some time later, an official of the local Legion branch read a magazine article dealing with the pancreas disease. Doctors in Boston had made considerable progress on some cases. It was later discovered that Toronto specialists were working with the Boston group.

Kathie's father had not been established long as a minister. An army veteran and a prisoner-of-war, he had spent five months in hospital with a serious wound. After hospitalization he attended a Lutheran seminary. Kathie's lengthy illness, special medicines and care took most of their money. A trip to Toronto from one of the prairie provinces was beyond their means.

The 30-member Legion branch immediately volunteered to supply the minister with money. The poppy fund — a trust account separate from actual Legion finances — amounted to \$252. The Legion turned over all but \$2 for the trip to Toronto. And shortly afterwards the Provincial Command partly reimbursed the branch.

Kathie got a reprieve in Toronto. The doctors were able to add an estimated eight years to her life. Had she not received the treatment, she would almost certainly have died much sooner. For her parents, the

weeks of agonizing doubt are over. They know that everything possible has been done.

Incidentally (but significantly), Kathie's father was not a member of the Branch.

## Cumberland House Branch

Reporting a recent visit to the Cumberland House Branch (No. 316), which lies within the Hudson Bay Zone, Comrade Jack Young, the energetic Zone Commander, writes with unrestrained enthusiasm of the Branch, its progress and its membership, comprising 24 of the native residents of the district.

Taking advantage of an invitation extended by Comrade Ted Stark, D.V.A. District Representative, who makes an annual trip into the area, Comrade Young went in by boat from The Pas, Manitoba, up the North Saskatchewan River, following the historic route of the old fur-traders.

Met on arrival by Comrade Pierre Carriere, secretary of the Branch and two other members, the visitors had the opportunity of interviewing a dozen or more veterans interested in War Veterans' Allowances, and of discussing other problems with them. A Branch meeting at 8 o'clock was attended by 23 of the 24 members which, adds Jack, "will put all the rest of our Branches to shame." The meeting was conducted in two languages, English and Cree, the President, Comrade Thomas, carrying out his duties most impressively. "He did a swell job of the ritual opening, and the closing," the report states.

The Branch is building a Hall of its own, 62 ft. by 30 ft., which is three-parts completed; only the interior remains to be finished. The Branch has its own power, light plant, movie projector and record player; gives two shows each week. The books of the Branch were reported in good shape, excellently kept by Secretary Carriere, with an "excellent balance sheet." Jack reports the members greatly interested, on his suggestion, in organization of a Ladies' Auxiliary.

The Branch expects to open its new Hall about February, and would greatly appreciate recognition at Command level on that occasion through the attendance of a member of the Executive. Jack strongly urges official encouragement of this vital and unique Branch of the Saskatchewan Command.

Comrade Young forwarded some very interesting pictures of his trip. Unfortunately, those of the Branch and its members were too dark to permit of reproduction in THE RUM JAR.

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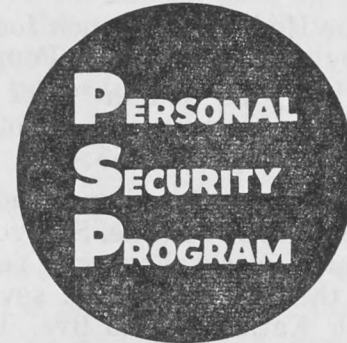
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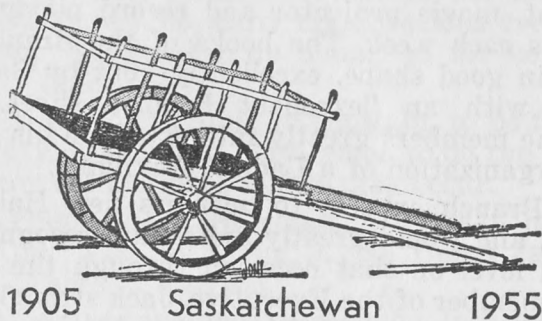
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*Progress and Beyond*

As the "Old Sweat" would put it, life begins at 50 and in the case of Saskatchewan he couldn't be more right. The old girl celebrated her 50th birthday this year and never looked better. The fields, as if in tribute, were never greener or the crops heavier.

The province has made giant strides in her first 50 years. Today she is recognized as the world's foremost hard spring wheat producer, new mineral deposits are being found and developed at an amazing rate and her people enjoy a standard of living at least equal to the best in the world.

The spirit of her people has assured the future of Saskatchewan. The people of this province come from hardy stock. They are, for the most part, sons and daughters of the early pioneers and not easily bent by adversity.

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# Unique Memorial to Air Pioneer

UNIQUE AMONGST MEMORIALS to great pioneers is that which stands on famous Farnborough aerodrome where Britain annually displays her air might and the ingenuity of her aircraft designers, and where, this summer, the performance of a Canadian-built CF-100 literally stopped the show.

This strange memorial is just a dead and weather-beaten tree, preserved in a special enclosure. It stands as a reminder of perhaps the most picturesque figure flying has ever known, Col. Samuel Franklin Cody — not to be confused with that other Col. Cody best known by his sobriquet, "Buffalo Bill." Yet so close was the parallel between their variegated employments and careers, so striking the facial resemblance (goatee and all) that the chap who enjoys the title of "Air Reporter No. 1" (having been the first of the breed) actually did confuse the two colonels in telling the story of nearly fifty years of progress in British aviation for a great London daily.

It was to this same tree, away back in the very infancy of flight, that Cody (Samuel Franklin) used to tether one or other of his big biplanes as he ran up their engines under test. Those pioneer machines of his represented the actual birth of British aviation.

Fifty years ago, Farnborough was far from the great and vital research centre it is today; nonetheless, research went on there — in an establishment largely consisting of one big shed. In it, while Cody tinkered with man-lifting kites, another famous character, Col. J. L. B. Templer, was building captive balloons for military reconnaissance. Cody's kite would raise a man sitting in a basket-chair to a height of 1,000 feet or more — again, of course, for military observation purposes.

When Templer retired from balloon construction, he was replaced by Col. J. E. Capper, an ardent advocate of military aviation. He and Cody between them managed to obtain sufficient funds from the War Office for the building of Britain's first military airship, the famous little Nulli Secundus. This baby dirigible, driven by a 50-h.p. engine and carrying only Cody and Capper as crew, amazed London on an October morning in 1907 by flying over the city and circling around St. Paul's Cathedral. The ship was forced down by adverse winds on Crystal Palace football grounds.

The interest aroused by the Nulli Secundus' flight enabled Cody and Capper to induce the authorities to provide funds for the former to build what he called a "power-kite." This was a very large biplane type of machine, with practically no attempt at streamlining in its structure. Cody did get it off the ground in brief hops, though it was some time before he achieved anything like real flight. This came early in 1909, when he made a flight of something more than 400 yards. That brief hop was the first of anything like a sustained aeroplane flight ever made in England.

When money was called for to finance more ambitious experimental work, the War Office suddenly took fright, and Cody was told politely that he was to be "released" from further service at the balloon factory.

Engine trouble was the bane of the early air pioneers. If they could get a machine to fly for even a

few minutes without something going wrong, they thought themselves lucky. What they called the "plumbing" — the water cooling of fast-running engines — gave them more trouble than anything else. Cody, for example, was bitterly disappointed when persistent engine trouble prevented him taking part in the London-Manchester race in 1910.

His reward came in 1912, however, when in competition with more than 20 other machines, some of them the best products of the then all-powerful French air industry, he won a £5,000 contest, organized by the War Office, for military aeroplanes.

Cody, a fatalist, wished death, when it came, to be sharp and sudden — death from his own plane. One day in the summer of 1913, he was testing a new type of machine. When he was about 200 feet up, his plane was seen to swerve violently, as though it had suddenly gone out of control. Then it crashed heavily. The Colonel had his wish.

## Belated Fulfilment

Thirty-seven years after Natale Papini was officially promised a reward for "exceptional service to his country," the Italian Parliament finally has got around to the business of keeping the pledge.

Papini, now 75, a retired master safe-cracker, is reputed to have saved important units of the Italian Navy and the lives of many sailors in one of the most dramatic cloak-and-dagger episodes of World War I.

Italian historians say that Papini was recruited by police at the request of the Italian counter-intelligence service after nearly 1,000 sailors had been killed in explosions aboard warships in home ports.

Plans for future acts of sabotage of similar nature were being kept in a safe in the Austrian Consulate at Zurich, Switzerland.

Papini was smuggled into Zurich, and while the streets of the neutral city were filled with carnival merry-makers he broke into the building.

It took seven hours for the master safe-cracker to get to the documents. His haul enabled the Italian authorities to lay hands on most of the enemy agents in the country.

The Bill before the Italian Parliament proposes to grant him a life pension of about \$40 monthly.

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## Forgotten Women

There used to be a proverb: "No man is a hero to his valet."

That was before Linge returned from Russian imprisonment with his story of Hitler's exit in the concrete bunker, and his cremation in the petrol flames with Fraulein Eva Braun, his bride.

Eva was one of several women who moved in high Nazi circles in the days of Hitler's "1,000-year Reich." Many of them, widows or kinswomen of the mighty, still live in Germany, most of them forgotten. All, stripped of their former wealth and position, live in much reduced, even poverty-stricken, circumstances. Let's see what has happened to some of them.

Hitler's sister, Paula Hitler-Wolf, now 58, has been penniless except for public assistance and small sums sent occasionally by friends and relatives. She lives near Berchtesgaden, in the Bavarian Alps. Until the end of the war she lived in seclusion in Vienna on an allowance from her brother.

After 1945 she moved back to Bavaria, almost within sight of Hitler's mountain aerie "Berghof," and has spent most of her time trying to get the Bavarian courts to recognize her claim to a share of the Nazi Fuehrer's sizable fortune and personal effects amounting to several million marks, seized after the war.

So far she has failed, partly because, heretofore, there has been a squabble between the Bavarian and Berlin courts as to definite proof of Hitler's death. Now that Linge has told his story, perhaps she may fare better in her legal battle.

Paula Hitler-Wolf is not married, although she styles herself as Frau. She added the name Wolf to the Hitler in 1923 to avoid too close an association with her brother.

Frau Emmy Goering, the former attractive blonde actress who married the flamboyant No. 2 Nazi, Hermann Goering, and who was unofficial "First Lady" of Hitler's Reich, now lives in a small apartment in Munich with her 16-year-old daughter Edda, so named after Mussolini's daughter in the heyday of the Rome-Berlin Axis.

The widow of the man who cheated the gallows in Nuremberg by taking a poison pill two and a half hours before he was to be hanged, is now plump and fiftyish. She seems to live in modest comfort, and has one maid. The source of her income is something of a mystery, however, as, after she was convicted and sentenced to 12 months in jail as a second-degree Nazi in 1948, all her property was confiscated, and frequent appeals to the Bavarian courts apparently have so far failed to release any of it.

The now somewhat "blowsy" Emmy rarely goes out; she equally rarely receives visitors, and her door is always barred to newspapermen or photographers. "There is nobody at home. Madam has just left on a trip," is the maid's stock answer to callers.

Frau Margarethe Himmler, 51-year-old widow of the notorious S.S. and Gestapo chief Heinrich Himmler, who also cheated the hangman's noose by taking a cyanide of potassium pill, lives in Munich, too. Greying, granite-looking Frau Himmler lives on a pension of 57 marks (\$14) a month, with her blonde daughter Gudrun, now 25, who works as a seamstress in a Munich fashion house. She also has lost her appeals to the Bavarian courts for restitution of her own personal property.

After her husband's suicide in 1945, Frau Himmler stated adamantly: "I'm proud of him." She seems never to have recanted. She also spends most of her time indoors shunning contact with other people. "My only wish is money for the apartment and for coal," she said last winter.

Better off than the other top-Nazi widows is Frau Anneliese von Ribbentrop, whose heel-clicking husband, Joachim, was Hitler's Foreign Minister. In pre-Hitler days von Ribbentrop had been a champagne salesman for the German firm of Henkell through his wife's family connections, and it is from Henkell that Frau von Ribbentrop, now living in modest but comfortable circumstances in Wuppertal in the Ruhr, gets her present income. Still a handsome woman, she leads a very quiet life, spending most of her time with her brother and sister-in-law who share her apartment.

Thus live today the women whose husbands were the tyrants of yesterday. They very rarely see one another but, nevertheless, they seem to maintain some sort of underground grapevine system of communication.

—Contributed.

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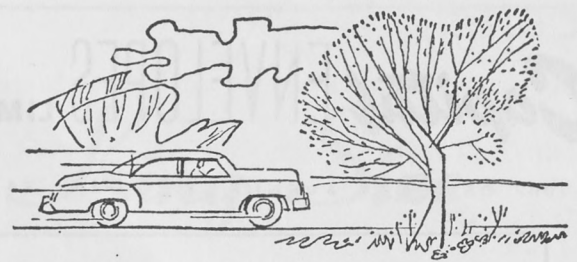
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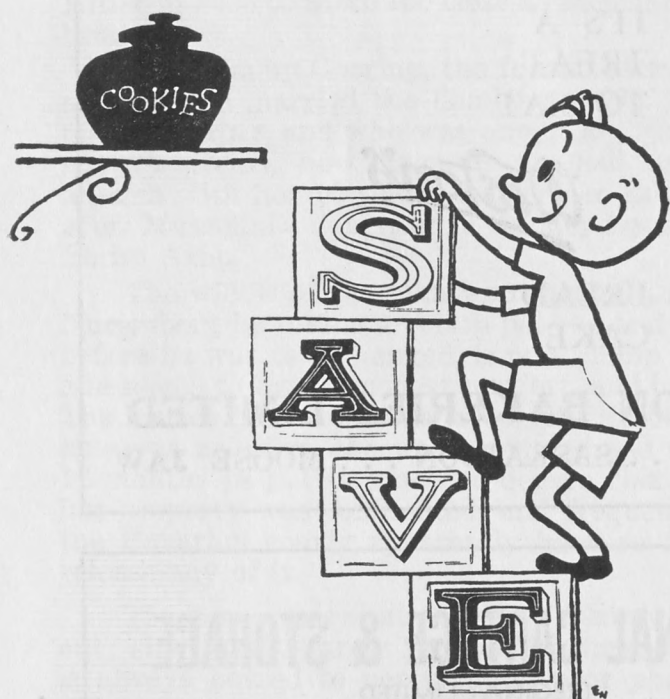
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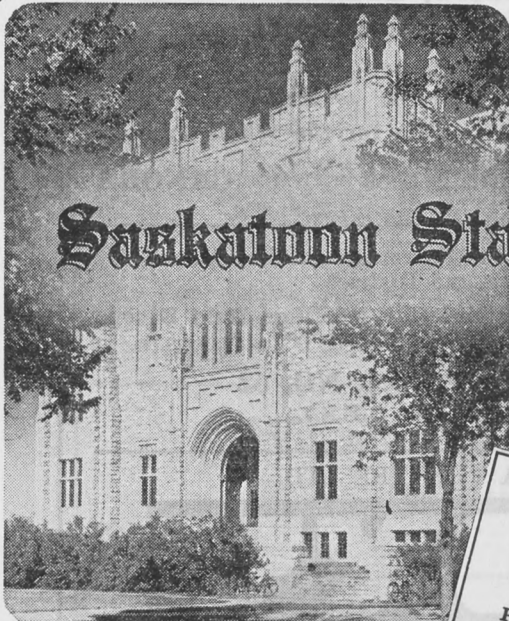
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## Missing Diplomats

Continued from page 14

The Ambassador requested that Burgess be removed from Washington and this was approved. He was recalled to London in early May, 1951, and was asked to resign from the Foreign Service. Consideration was being given to the steps that would be taken in the event of his refusing to do so. It was at this point that he disappeared.

Investigations into Burgess's past have since shown that he, like Maclean, went through a period of Communist leanings while at Cambridge, and that he, too, on leaving the University outwardly renounced his views.

No trace can be found in his subsequent career of direct participation in the activities of Left-Wing organizations; indeed, he was known after leaving Cambridge to have had some contact with organizations such as the Anglo-German Club.

The question has been asked whether the association of these two officers with each other did not give rise to suspicion.

The fact is that although we have since learned that Maclean and Burgess were acquainted during their undergraduate days at Cambridge, they gave no evidence during the course of their career in the Foreign Service of any association other than would be normal between two colleagues.

When Burgess was appointed to the Foreign Office Maclean was in Washington and at the time Burgess himself was appointed to Washington Maclean was back in the United Kingdom awaiting assignment to the American Department of the Foreign Office.

It is now clear that they were in communication with each other after the return of Burgess from Washington in 1951, and they may have been in such communication earlier. Their relations were, however, never such as to cause remark.

In January, 1949, the security authorities received a report that certain Foreign Office information had leaked to the Soviet authorities some years earlier.

The report amounted to little more than a hint, and it was at the time impossible to attribute the leak to any particular individual.

Highly secret but widespread and protracted enquiries were begun by the security authorities, and the field of suspicion had been narrowed by mid-April, 1951, to two or three persons.

By the beginning of May, Maclean had come to be regarded as the principal suspect. There was, however, even at that time, no legally admissible evidence to support a prosecution under the Official Secrets Acts. Arrangements were made to ensure that information of exceptional secrecy and importance should not come into his hands.

In the meantime the security authorities arranged to investigate his activities and contacts in order to increase their background knowledge and, if possible, to obtain information which could be used as evidence in a prosecution.

On May 25 the then Secretary of State, Mr. Herbert Morrison, sanctioned a proposal that the security authorities should question Maclean.

In reaching this decision it had to be borne in mind that such questioning might produce no confession or voluntary statement from Maclean sufficient

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to support a prosecution, but might serve only to alert him and to reveal the nature and the extent of the suspicion against him.

In that event he would have been free to make arrangements to leave the country, and the authorities would have had no legal power to stop him.

Everything, therefore, depended on the interview and the security authorities were anxious to be as fully prepared as was humanly possible.

They were also anxious that Maclean's house at Tatsfield, Kent, should be searched, and this was an additional reason for delaying the proposed interview until mid-June when Mrs. Maclean, who was then pregnant, was expected to be away from home.

It is now clear that in spite of the precautions taken by the authorities Maclean must have become aware, at some time before his disappearance, that he was under investigation.

One explanation may be that he observed that he was no longer receiving certain types of secret papers. It is also possible that he detected that he was under observation. Or he may have been warned.

Searching enquiries involving individual interrogations were made into this last possibility. Insufficient evidence was obtainable to form a definite conclusion or to warrant prosecution.

Maclean's absence did not become known to the authorities until the morning of Monday, May 28. The Foreign Office is regularly open for normal business on Saturday mornings, but officers can from time to time obtain leave to take a week-end off.

In accordance with this practice Maclean applied for, and obtained, leave to be absent on the morning of Saturday, May 26.

His absence therefore caused no remark until the following Monday morning, when he failed to appear at the Foreign Office. Burgess was on leave and under no obligation to report his movements.

Immediately the flight was known all possible action was taken in the United Kingdom, and the French and other Continental security authorities were asked to trace the whereabouts of the fugitives and if possible to intercept them.

All British Consulates in Western Europe were alerted and special efforts were made to discover whether the fugitives had crossed the French frontiers on May 26 or 27.

As a result of these and other enquiries it was established that Maclean and Burgess together left Tatsfield by car for Southampton in the late evening of Friday, May 25, arrived at Southampton at midnight, caught the s.s. *Falaise* for St. Malo and disembarked at that port at 11.45 the following morning, leaving suitcases and some of their clothing on board.

They were not seen on the train from St. Malo to Paris, and it has been reported that two men, believed to be Maclean and Burgess, took a taxi to Rennes and there got the 1.18 p.m. train to Paris. Nothing more was seen of them.

Since the disappearance, various communications have been received from them by members of their families. On June 7, 1951, telegrams ostensibly from Maclean were received by his mother, Lady Maclean, and his wife, Mrs. Melinda Maclean, who were both at that time in the United Kingdom.

The telegram to Lady Maclean was a short, personal message, signed by a nickname known only within the immediate family circle. It merely stated that all

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was well. That addressed to Mrs. Maclean was similar, expressing regret for the unexpected departure and was signed "Donald."

Both telegrams were despatched in Paris on the evening of June 6. Their receipt was at once reported to the security authorities, but it was impossible to identify the person or persons who had handed them in.

The original telegraph forms showed, however, that the messages had been written in a hand which was clearly not Maclean's. The character of the handwriting, and some misspelling, suggested that both telegrams had been written by a foreigner.

On June 7, 1951, a telegram was received in London by Mrs. Bassett, Burgess's mother. It contained a short and affectionate personal message, together with a statement that the sender was embarking on a long Mediterranean holiday, and was ostensibly from Burgess himself.

The telegram had been handed in at a post office in Rome earlier on the day of its receipt. As with the telegrams from Paris to Maclean's family, there was no possibility of identifying the person who had handed it in.

The handwriting had the appearance of being foreign, and was certainly not that of Burgess.

According to information given to the Foreign Office in confidence by Mrs. Dunbar, Maclean's mother-in-law, who was then living with her daughter at Tatsfield, she received on August 3, 1951, two registered letters posted in St. Gallen, Switzerland, on August 1.

One contained a draft on the Swiss Bank Corporation, London, for the sum of £1,000 payable to Mrs. Dunbar; the other, a draft payable to Mrs. Dunbar for the same sum, drawn by the Union Bank of Switzerland on the Midland Bank, 122, Old Broad-street, London.

Both drafts were stated to have been remitted by order of a Mr. Robert Becker, whose address was given as the Hotel Central, Zurich.

Exhaustive inquiries in collaboration with the Swiss authorities have not led to the identification of Mr. Becker and it is probable that the name given was false.

Shortly after the receipt of these bank drafts Mrs. Maclean received a letter in her husband's handwriting. It had been posted in Reigate, Surrey, on August 5, 1951, and was of an affectionate, personal nature as from husband to wife.

It gave no clue as to Maclean's whereabouts or the reason for his disappearance but it explained that the bank drafts, which for convenience had been sent to Mrs. Dunbar were intended for Mrs. Maclean.

Lady Maclean received a further letter from her son on August 15, 1951. There is no doubt that it was in his own handwriting. It had been posted at Herne Hill on August 11.

Mrs. Bassett, the mother of Burgess, received a letter in Burgess's handwriting on December 22, 1953. The letter was personal and gave no information as to Burgess's whereabouts. It was simply dated "November" and had been posted in South-east London on December 21.

The last message received from either of the two men was a further letter from Burgess to his mother which was delivered in London on December 25, 1954.

This letter was also personal and disclosed nothing of Burgess's whereabouts. It, too, was simply dated "November." It had been posted in Poplar, E.14, on December 23.

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On September 11, 1953, Mrs. Maclean, who was living in Geneva, left there by car with her three children.

She had told her mother, who was staying with her, that she had unexpectedly come across an acquaintance whom she and her husband had previously known in Cairo and that he had invited her and the children to spend the week-end with him at Territet, near Montreux.

She stated that she would return to Geneva on September 13 in time for the two elder children to attend school the following day. By September 14 her mother, alarmed at her failure to return, reported the matter to Her Majesty's Consul-General in Geneva and also by telephone to London.

Security officers were at once despatched to Geneva where they placed themselves at the disposal of the Swiss police who were already making intensive inquiries.

On the afternoon of September 16, Mrs. Maclean's car was found in a garage in Lausanne. She had left it on the afternoon of the 11th saying she would return for it in a week. The garage hand who reported this added that Mrs. Maclean had then proceeded with her children to the Lausanne railway station.

On the same day, September 16, Mrs. Dunbar reported to the Geneva police the receipt of a telegram purporting to come from her daughter. The telegram explained that Mrs. Maclean had been delayed "owing to unforeseen circumstances" and asked Mrs. Dunbar to inform the school authorities that the two elder children would be returning in a week.

Mrs. Maclean's youngest child was referred to in this telegram by a name known only to Mrs. Maclean, her mother, and other intimates. The telegram had been handed in at the Post Office in Territet at 10.58 that morning by a woman whose description did not agree with that of Mrs. Maclean.

The handwriting on the telegram form was not Mrs. Maclean's and it showed foreign characteristics similar to those in the telegrams received in 1951 by Lady Maclean, Mrs. Maclean, and Mrs. Bassett.

From information subsequently received from witnesses in Switzerland and Austria, it seems clear that the arrangements for Mrs. Maclean's departure from Geneva had been carefully planned, and that she proceeded by train from Lausanne on the evening of September 11, passing the Swiss-Austrian frontier that night, and arriving at Schwarzach St. Veit in the American Zone of Austria at approximately 9.15 on the morning of September 12.

The independent evidence of a porter at Schwarzach St. Veit and of witnesses travelling on the train has established that she left the train at this point. Further evidence, believed to be reliable, shows that she was met at the station by an unknown man driving a car bearing Austrian number-plates.

The further movements of this car have not been traced. It is probable that it took Mrs. Maclean and the children from Schwarzach St. Veit to neighbouring territory in Russian occupation, whence she proceeded on her journey to join her husband.

There was no question of preventing Mrs. Maclean from leaving the United Kingdom to go to live in Switzerland. Although she was under no obligation to report her movements, she had been regularly in touch with the security authorities, and had informed them that she wished to make her home in Switzerland.

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She gave two good reasons, firstly, that she wished to avoid the personal embarrassment to which she had been subjected by the Press in the United Kingdom and, secondly, that she wished to educate her children in the International School in Geneva.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Maclean was an American citizen and in view of the publicity caused by her husband's flight it was only natural that she should wish to bring up her children in new surroundings.

Before she left for Geneva the security authorities made arrangements with her whereby she was to keep in touch with the British authorities in Berne and Geneva in case she should receive any further news from her husband or require advice or assistance.

Mrs. Maclean was a free agent. The authorities had no legal means of detaining her in the United Kingdom. Any form of surveillance abroad would have been unwarranted.

In view of the suspicions held against Maclean and of the conspiratorial manner of his flight, it was assumed, though it could not be proved, that his destination and that of his companion must have been the Soviet Union or some other territory behind the Iron Curtain.

Now Vladimir Petrov, the former Third Secretary of the Soviet Embassy in Canberra who sought political asylum on April 3, 1954, has provided confirmation of this. Petrov himself was not directly concerned in the case and his information was obtained from conversation with one of his colleagues in Soviet service in Australia.

Petrov states that both Maclean and Burgess were recruited as spies for the Soviet Government while students at the University, with the intention that they should carry out their espionage tasks in the Foreign Office, and that in 1951, by means unknown to him, one or other of the two men became aware that their activities were under investigation.

This was reported by them to the Soviet Intelligence Service, who then organized their escape and removal to the Soviet Union. Petrov has the impression that the escape route included Czechoslovakia and that it involved an aeroplane flight into that country.

Upon their arrival in Russia, Maclean and Burgess lived near Moscow. They were used as advisers to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and other Soviet agencies. Petrov adds that one of the men (Maclean) has since been joined by his wife.

Two points call for comment: First, how Maclean and Burgess remained in the Foreign Service for so long and second, why they were able to get away.

When these two men were given their appointments nothing was on record about either to show that he was unsuitable for the public service. It is true that their subsequent personal behaviour was unsatisfactory, and this led to action in each case.

As already stated, Maclean was recalled from Cairo in 1950 and was not re-employed until he was declared medically fit. Burgess was recalled from Washington in 1951 and was asked to resign.

It was only shortly before Maclean disappeared that serious suspicion of his reliability was aroused and active inquiries were set on foot.

The second question is how Maclean and Burgess made good their escape from this country when the security authorities were on their track. The watch on Maclean was made difficult by the need to ensure that he did not become aware that he was under observation.

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This watch was primarily aimed at collecting, if possible, further information, and not at preventing an escape.

In imposing it a calculated risk had to be taken that he might become aware of it and might take flight. It was inadvisable to increase this risk by extending the surveillance to his home in an isolated part of the country, and he was therefore watched in London alone.

Both men were free to go abroad at any time. In some countries no doubt Maclean would have been arrested first and questioned afterwards.

In this country no arrest can be made without adequate evidence. At the time there was insufficient evidence.

It was for these reasons necessary for the security authorities to embark upon the difficult and delicate investigation of Maclean, taking into full account the risk that he would be alerted.

In the event he was alerted and fled the country together with Burgess.

As a result of this case, in July, 1951, the then Secretary of State, Mr. Herbert Morrison, set up a Committee of enquiry to consider the security checks applied to members of the Foreign Service; the existing regulations and practices of the Foreign Service in regard to any matters having a bearing on security; and to report whether any alterations were called for.

The Committee reported in November, 1951. It recommended, among other things, a more extensive security check on Foreign Service officers than had until then been the practice.

This was immediately put into effect and since 1952 searching enquiries have been made into the antecedents and associates of all those occupying or applying for positions in the Foreign Office involving highly secret information.

The purpose of these enquiries is to ensure that no one is appointed to or continues to occupy any such post unless he or she is fit to be entrusted with the secrets to which the post gives access. The Foreign Secretary of the day approved the action required.

A great deal of criticism has been directed towards the reticence of Ministerial replies on these matters; an attitude which it was alleged would not have been changed had it not been for the Petrov revelations.

Espionage is carried out in secret. Counter-espionage equally depends for its success upon the maximum secrecy of its methods.

Nor is it desirable at any moment to let the other side know how much has been discovered or guess at what means have been used to discover it. Nor should they be allowed to know all the steps that have been taken to improve security.

These considerations still apply and must be the basic criterion for judging what should or should not be published.

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**Convention***Continued from page 21***Convention Resolutions**

The Convention passed the following resolutions:

**Pensions:**

1. That disability pensions when granted become effective from date of application.

This resolution was a reiteration of one passed at the last Dominion Convention and was moved by the Resolutions Committee as alternative to a motion which sought to have disability pensions, when granted, made retroactive to the date of the cause of the disability.

2. That the Pension Commission be urged to constantly avail themselves of the provisions of Section 70 (the "benefit of the doubt" section) of the Canadian Pensions Act especially in cases such as nerve conditions, heart conditions, arthritis and rheumatism.

This, too, was an alternative proposed by the Committee to a motion which asked the Federal Government to bring in legislation to take care of such cases. The Committee contended that section 13 (1) (a) of the Pensions Act provided wide coverage, and that the present situation existed because of difficulty of proof in such cases.

**War Veterans Allowance:**

3. That we commend Dominion Command for its measure of success in dealing with War Veterans Allowances, and assure it of continuing support for further extension of these important benefits.

4. That widows of Imperial veterans who have fulfilled the necessary residence qualifications of twenty years in Canada be eligible to qualify under the War Veterans Allowance Act regardless of the length of residence in Canada of the husband prior to his death, provided that the husband, had he lived, would have qualified under the Act.

5. That the British Isles be recognized as a theatre of war, for W.V.A. purposes, during World War I.

6. That the permissible income ceiling for recipients of War Veterans Allowance be increased to \$1,200 for single persons and \$2,000 for married persons.

7. That the grant under the War Veterans Allowance for married men be raised from \$108 to \$120.

**Department of Veterans Affairs**

8. That the Canadian Government be requested to make a reciprocal agreement with the American Medical Association whereby a Canadian veteran in the United States would be assured that he could obtain emergency treatment to which he is entitled at D.V.A. contract rate.

This resolution refers to veterans who may have to undergo emergency operation or treatment for their pensionable disability in hospitals other than D.V.A. hospitals.

9. That the Department of Veterans Affairs be commended for its splendid services and asked to continue to extend the services given as far as feasible.

**Wet Canteens:**

10. That the Provincial Government be requested to amend The Liquor Act and the regulations thereunder to allow organizations to obtain blanket permits or a number of permits on one application, and to purchase beer for such purpose from hotels.

11. That the Provincial Government be requested to amend present legislation to allow issuing liquor permits for Sunday.

12. That the Convention go on record as being in favor of wet canteens for Legion Branches in rural areas, and that the Provincial Government be requested to amend The Liquor Act to provide for licences being granted to such Legion Branches.

The Resolutions Committee did not concur in this resolution, but it was brought before the Convention on motion of the Kamsack and Kindersley Branches, and carried.

**Labour:**

13. That contracts for the erection of Public Projects provide for veterans' preference.

**Provincial Lands:**

14. (a) That the valuation used for purposes of sale of Provincial Crown Lands to veterans be the assessed value at the time of settlement;

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CANADA

(b) that we deplore the use by the Provincial Government of a reassessment price based on a figure of \$1.30 per bushel, No. 2 Northern, and reaffirm our stand that a figure of \$1.00 per bushel should be the maximum used;

(c) that we deplore the failure of the Provincial Government to meet its commitment to make known its proposed terms of sale of Provincial Crown Lands to veterans in the early part of 1954.

15. That on all posted provincial land veterans receive preference, and that scoring points be released to all applicants.

16. That abandoned provincial lands be posted as soon as possible for veterans' settlement.

**Prairie Farm Assistance Act:**

16. Whereas at the present time, holders of Wheat Board permits who are employed on salary between May 1st and the end of the crop year are not eligible for P.F.A.A. assistance; and

Whereas income earned other than salary by holders of Wheat Board permits between May 1st and the end of the crop year does not affect assistance being given under P.F.A.A.; and

Whereas it is a form of discrimination between those receiving other income in the period; and

Whereas one per cent is collected by P.F.A.A. from all Wheat Board permit holders regardless of type of income in the period mentioned;

Therefore be it resolved that the Government of Canada be approached to change the regulations governing P.F.A.A. assistance to include all permit holders regardless of how income received between May 1st and the end of the crop year is derived.

The Resolutions Committee did not concur in this resolution on the ground that ineligibility applied only to those under Unemployment Insurance; but it was brought before Convention, discussed and carried, on motion of Comrades Tom Hubbard and Jack Young.

**Miscellaneous:**

17. That Provincial Council consider the use of a Branch Manual similar to that in use in Alberta.

18. That Dominion Command be requested to continue to press for National Selective Service.

19. Whereas many veterans of the White Fox and Smoky Burn district, along with other settlers, have suffered from excess water on their fields on many occasions;

Therefore be it resolved that the appropriate governmental authorities be asked to investigate the feasibility of ditching to drain off some of this excess water without flooding others.

The Resolutions Committee voiced sympathy with those affected but, having no first-hand knowledge of the problem, brought the matter before Convention for discussion. The resolution was carried on motion of Comrades Isaacs and Jack Miller.

20. That Provincial Command be requested to advise all Branches of requirements for 25-year buttons.

21. That the Dominion Government furnish and establish a laboratory for help in research work on tuberculosis.

**Veterans Land Act:**

22. Since re-establishment credit is a grant and not a loan, that re-establishment credits be applied on all V.L.A. loans.

23. That a veteran who has procured a site and built his own basement be given the benefits of Part II of the Veterans Land Act, provided that his site and basement conform to the required standards.

24. That veterans under Part II of the Veterans Land Act pay 3½ per cent interest: i.e., the same rate paid by veterans borrowing under Part I, Small Holdings.

25. That V.L.A. administration be given full control of housing under Part II of the Act, including housing, to avoid the present lack of co-ordination between the V.L.A. Branch and Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation.

26. That, since the veteran under Part II of the Veterans Land Act must provide a lot worth a certain price or pay the difference in cash to the director, and since methods of appraisal are unrealistic, such veteran be only required to provide a lot at an appraisal based on the prevailing price in the area.

27. Whereas Part II of the Veterans Land Act (Build Your Own Home Programme) makes no provision for the handicapped veteran who is unable to participate in this programme.

Therefore be it resolved that we urge the Dominion Command of the Canadian Legion to give consideration to request the Dominion Government to amend Part II of the Veterans Land Act to allow indirect participation of the handicapped veteran in the "Build Your Own Home Programme."

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Leslie Green, a nurseryman at Bishop's Waltham, Hampshire, England, had his \$8,000 tomato crop destroyed in his greenhouses, which had been "blitzed" 17 times in a year by supersonic bangs from jet aircraft.

The tomatoes were condemned as unfit for human consumption after a doctor had found powdered glass in them. The plane that did the latest damage smashed nearly 100 panes of glass in his houses. Splinters sprayed all over the crop. The local Medical Health Officer found glass in almost every tomato and ordered 4,500 plants to be destroyed immediately.

Said Green: "I must be the most blitzed man in peace-time Britain; but I cannot make Government officials realize I'm facing ruin."

So far he has replaced 4,500 panes of glass; his lettuce crop of 28,000 plants was condemned earlier this year, and three times in two months he had replanted his tomatoes.

"I just cannot keep on," he said. "The jet age is forcing me into bankruptcy. My losses are now well over \$20,000, and I cannot sell my nursery because no one would buy it.

Test planes and R.A.F. jets fly almost daily over his property. Men refused to work for him because of the glass splinters after each bang. He has received compensation for structural damage, but none for loss of crops.

The authorities told him to take the number of any plane crashing the sound barriers over his nursery. "But how can I get the number of a jet screaming across the valley at 600 m.p.h.?" he asks.

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When word got abroad that the three English youths were undertaking the quest, they received many letters from would-be helpers. One came from a Frenchwoman who promised that, if they sent her the map, she would locate the treasure "by occult means." (Screwy, isn't it?)

The search was to have begun in August "when the snows will be melted." Since nothing has been heard of any find, and since £90 would not go very far in the Europe of today, it looks as if the lads were out of luck—and pocket.

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**Mediterranean Memories***Continued from page 28*

from the village of Portopalo. I chose as my A.D.S. a place entirely defiladed from enemy fire hidden from the beach by a huge rock. The place was almost 90 per cent safe. Just after our arrival there, the Spandaus opened up anew and we were treated to ringside views as the red, blue and white tracers flashed harmlessly overhead into the sea. Our casualties consisted of four lightly wounded Jocks, about 20 Italians, whose wounds were of varying severity. I was offered the chance of clearing them, by L.C.I., to Malta, so using Italian prisoners as stretcher-bearers, I loaded them and off they went.

Only one thing spoiled my entertainment that morning, and that was that howitzers were brought up within ten yards of my hole and they proceeded to fire directly over our heads. My teeth chattered every time they fired. As this was not very pleasant I sent some men off to reconnoitre a better place, and a few minutes later they returned with the news that there was a huge cave only a hundred yards away. I went to see it and found that it would hold from 50 to 100 stretcher cases and it was bomb proof, blast proof, and every other kind of proof. We, therefore, shifted in there and made ourselves at home.

The population of the village paid us a social call as soon as the shooting stopped—that would be about 8 - 9 a.m., and we found them very friendly. One old woman actually brought us a peace offering — a water melon, and about 3 lbs. of tomatoes, for which she received a bar of chocolate for the bambino.

Our cave proved to be an excellent place with a sea view and we passed our time that morning of "D" day very comfortably, making tea and settling in. What enemy resistance there was broke very easily and at 8 p.m. that day I received a note from the first Gordons' C.O. informing me that the battalion was marching forward five miles that night. Not having any transport at all I decided to remain put and act as A.D.S. just where we were. So that night we bedded down in our cave and despite German bombers we passed a very comfortable night. A bathe was the obvious thing next morning and we all enjoyed our dip. After that, however, I decided to find out where everyone was and I made my way down to the main beach and as chance would have it, I saw some ambulances and decided to investigate. I found that Lt.-Col. Campbell had spent the night there having come over on a hospital ship on D day. He had already gone in search of Major Hope and myself, so I returned to my cave and awaited his arrival. In due course a message arrived telling us to stay where we were that day and rejoin H.Q. on the next, so we proceeded to enjoy ourselves in the sea. We had landed close to a tunny factory and the local inhabitants, knowing we were no longer to be feared, were streaming in and out laden with tinned tunny and olive oil. They resembled a stream of ants coming and going along the beach.

Next morning, as arranged, we were transported to our Field Ambulance H.Q. They, still minus all vehicles, were camped in a huge vineyard, under olive trees and close to the main beach. This proximity to the main beach led to nocturnal raids, but our air superiority was so great that no German was seen or heard during the hours of daylight. The days while we were awaiting transport were very tedious, the monotony only being relieved by meals and bathing.

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The food is worthy of mention. Each of us landed carrying Bergen rucksacks filled with medical equipment and 48-hours rations, consisting of bully beef, sweet and ordinary biscuits, cheese and tea, sugar and dried milk ration, enough for six pints of tea. After 48 hours, composite rations (Compo) were given out. These consisted of M. and V. (meat and veg.), steamed pudding, sausages or bacon, biscuits, sweets, chocolate, tea ration, and even latrine papers.

So ends my first, and I hope last, experience as a commando.

Only one comment remains.

I heard the B.B.C. news on D-day plus 10. It said that very little news had come in about the landing in Sicily but that our observer had seen a huge column of smoke rising at the south-east corner at 0630 this morning, showing that resistance was heavy and a huge battle was going on. The huge column of smoke was there right enough, only a hundred yards in front of me, and showed that half a dozen smoke generators, kept for making smoke-screens, had gone off spontaneously; nothing more and nothing less.

I'm sure there must be a moral there, but I leave it at that.

**Sicily — November, 1943**

If I am not mistaken, my last letter left me sitting among the grapes without transport, on the beach at Portopalo. The date was then July 18th.

This long, and rather enforced rest was, however, not to last very much longer, and two days later we received orders to pack up and move. Transport was provided as well and on the 21st we set off on our journey inland through Sicily. That run led us via Pachino, Palazzo, Vizzini, Militello, Palagonia to Ramacca where we rested for the night. It was my first view of the country and therefore it did leave certain impressions. War, of course, had struck all the towns, and, at the time, I thought that the filth and dirt in and around all places of habitation was due to this; but I found later that with or without war the Sicilians are by nature a filthy and literally lousy people.

The towns are all placed either on top of the hills or on the slopes and from a distance are very attractive when seen against the skyline. They all have as their centre a church, and the houses are clustered 'round it. The streets are narrow and dirty.

The countryside itself is rather pretty in places as the roads wind up and down the hills — hills with their slopes terraced and cultivated. The terracing is simply to prevent the soil being washed away when it rains. It is also much more practicable to cultivate a comparatively level field than a slope. The people varied, some friendly, some antagonistic, some waving cheerfully, while others, in Palazzolo, for example, looking as though they would gladly have murdered us. The reason was obvious: the town had been flattened not so very long before. I had the feeling in the village that the people were not as hungry as they pretended. The begging for biscuits and cigarettes was more to get something for nothing and to taste something different from their own diet.

Ramacca was practically untouched and we found on our arrival there that we had to go on, the following day, when Capt. and I were sent to find a place for us. After a good look around we eventually hit upon an old church with building attached and we whistled up the unit and settled in. The church was called La Gabella and dated from the early 16th century. The church was used as an operating theatre and the large building as a ward with the tents as reserves. An added attraction

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to the place was a well which contained only cold water, and that made the place seem just like a seventh heaven to us as the weather was at this time very hot and sticky. Nearby, we rigged up a home-made shower which threatened to brain anyone who went near it, but which was quite tame when handled properly.

It was on this site that we were ordered, on the 24th, to help in the making of some publicity pictures. An R.A.F. Film Unit came to take them, and after a few people had rushed patients into ambulances at a speed which threatened every moment to land in disaster and which would have upset a real invalid, they turned their attention to the operating theatre and wanted photos of a real operation. As there were no patients on the spot it had to be faked. Major Jack and Major Binning of 6 Field Surgical Unit which was attached to us, could not be found so the picture had eventually to be taken with A. D. Macrae as patient (and he forgot to take his boots off), myself as surgeon (with my back to the camera), Gilbert Hope as anaesthetist and a corporal as assistant. Little did we realize that that picture was to appear in all the Sunday papers as well as in an R.A.M.C. book. Incidentally, the nearest German was not less than 12 miles away!

My notes showed me that on July 26th Mussolini retired — with against it, in capitals, SO WHAT! I don't think any more need be said.

Work proper began then with the opening of the Battle of Sferro and for a few days we were very busy. Malaria had broken out and we were holding about 200 cases when, on the 8th August, we were ordered to move.

We first moved into the Sferro hills and camped beside the railway line only a mile from the station where the infantry had such a hectic time. Then, after two nights there, we moved over the hills to Biancavilla which lies on the southern slopes of Etna. This was a pretty hill-country run and, as I did it in the C.O.'s staff car, I enjoyed it. Over and above that we held a conference at Div. H.Q. on the way and had a very pleasant tea party after it. One of the views just as we reached the summit of the hills was exceptional as it looked across a huge valley with water in the middle of it, right on to Etna with its many villages on the lower slopes shining in the sun. I wish I could describe it properly. Our stop at Biancavilla was, fortunately, only a short one. It was uncomfortable as we were forced to camp on dirty black lava. The morning scene as we looked through the trees and saw the white streams as they flowed from the summit of Etna was worth the discomfort of the terrain and the millions of mosquitoes.

On the 13th we were on the road again, this time skirting Etna to the west and the sea to the east, past Palermo, Bilpasso, Nicolosi, Trecastagni and so to Via Grande. Here, once again, we found ourselves established in the Cathedral with the officers in billets and the men in a vineyard. As no A.M.G.O.T. (Allied Military Government of Occupied Territory) had been set up in Via Grande, the unit had to act as local government and Ben was appointed Town Major. This, of course, caused us no small amount of amusement and entertainment, and the morning sitting of the City Fathers was a never-ending scene of amusement. The Mayor (a wee, fat man), the local big-wig and interpreter (a tall, thin man), and Ben comprised the triumvirate, and they discussed all the problems from arrangements for midwifery cases to a pass to go to a party. Perhaps the most amusing thing was the enforcement of curfew in which we all took part at one time or another running around with Ben in a jeep, firing

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revolvers in the air and generally kicking up a noise. It did the trick, however.

I quite enjoyed my stay here as I was able to buy a few things and run around a bit. But anything like static position soon made me restive and I was glad when orders came to move on. We were in Via Grande when the Sicilian Campaign ended on August 18th. On the 22nd we left Via Grande at dawn and heading east we made for the main coast road. Once again Etna and the blue sky made the view a pretty one. This road had been blown in dozens of places and there were the usual detours over rocky tracks.

Our road led us through Linguaglossa, Randazzo and Naso to the north coast at Cap d'Orlando. The journey was uneventful and very tiring and to make things worse the camp site was filthy. The rain started in earnest just as soon as we arrived. However, next morning the sun brightened us up considerably and we soon had tents up and the place opened to the public. A good bathing beach only about 150 yards away helped to keep us happy. There was a marked resemblance between this camp and the one at Bougie as, in both cases, we were wedged between quickly rising hills and the sea with little room between.

Malaria now hit the division in real earnest and before long we were holding anything up to 350 cases and eventually the scheme of keeping them only for five days and sending them back to their unit was more or less enforced on the powers-that-be. I enjoyed chiefly the daily bathing here and was not too pleased when Major Hope and I went on a recce for a new site and could not find one near the sea. This site had been indicated to us by Div. but on our arrival there we found an aerodrome under construction and the next best site was not too attractive. So we returned forthwith and that move was cancelled. However, it was not long delayed as on September 1st I was ordered to take a party and prepare the big Italian hospital at Castroreale Bagni for our occupation. The run along the coast was beautiful and I saw my second volcano—Stromboli.

That period on my own was fun for not only had I to prepare the place for ourselves, but I had to help remove the 100-odd Italian patients. This was done by constantly chasing after A.M.G.O.T. and sending patients to all points of the globe. The place was like a pigsty and had to be scrubbed from top to bottom. Nonetheless, when the unit moved in on the 4th everything was ready.

The hospital was a long, double-storied white building with operating theatre on a lower floor on a level with a lower road. Six huts served as wards, each holding 50 patients. The Italians helped us to run the place, and I must say they were a willing and obedient set. There was one interesting personality among them—a Russo-Italian, whose father was imprisoned at that time on one of the Lipari Islands as an anti-fascist. Needless to say, the boy had little sympathy for the cause for which he had been fighting.

On 8th September, the Italians withdrew from the war.

I paid a visit to Messina while I was here and the mountain road with the view of Italy over the Messina Straits was grand. Messina itself, once before wiped out by earthquake in 1908, must have been a lovely town. Now, however, it was absolutely and completely in ruins.

On September 25th, Monty told us we were going home. So after a wave to Augusta we sailed for home on S.S. Argentine, a "dry" ship, about 13th November. I arrived home to complete the circle on 27th November.

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If you have a library reading-room within easy access and form the habit of browsing through the various newspapers and periodicals that are available to you in quest of the odd and the interesting, you will find yourself on a rewarding line of research.

I had never heard of Mr. John Hausner, for example, nor had I given much thought to the outfitting of those venturesome spirits who were dropped in occupied Europe during the war. But in a London (England) paper, I learned something of both in an item which reported that a Mr. John Hausner had been named London's "Tailor of the Year," and had been awarded an Oscar of sorts by a trade journal, the TAILOR AND CUTTER.

I learned, too, that during the war, many a life had depended on a button; a button sewn by Mr. John Hausner.

During the war, Mr. Hausner made clothes for Allied agents parachuted into German-held Europe. He began the task in 1942; was chosen for it because he had once owned one of the biggest tailoring businesses in Czechoslovakia.

His first job was on a 20-year-old youth due to be dropped into Norway dressed as a schoolboy.

"I thought about it," said Mr. Hausner, "and decided to make his clothes just a little too short for him. You know — a boy growing quickly."

And buttons. "You see, here in England they sew across the button, but they do it differently on the Continent. Again, overcoats are longer; shoulders are squarer. All these things had to be taken into account. It was a mistake in such small details that could give a man away. You had to know the agent's task."

Hausner himself had some experience of the problems he was asked to meet. His own escape from Czechoslovakia had the atmosphere of a spy thriller. Soon after the Germans marched in, he learned that he was a marked man, and made a dash by car across the frontier and eventually reached England. Then came the war years; years with no news of his wife and son. After the war he went back and brought them to London. Now the son is serving in the R.A.F.

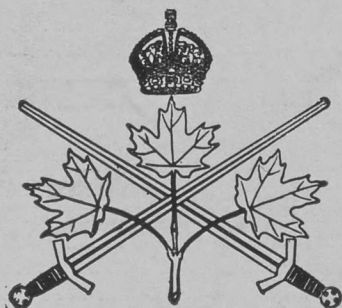
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(Continued from inside front cover)

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